ST. ANNE'S SCHOOL CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.

Dear Betty,

This has really been a ---- of a year. I'll see you in Wilmington this summer, so take care of yourself until then.

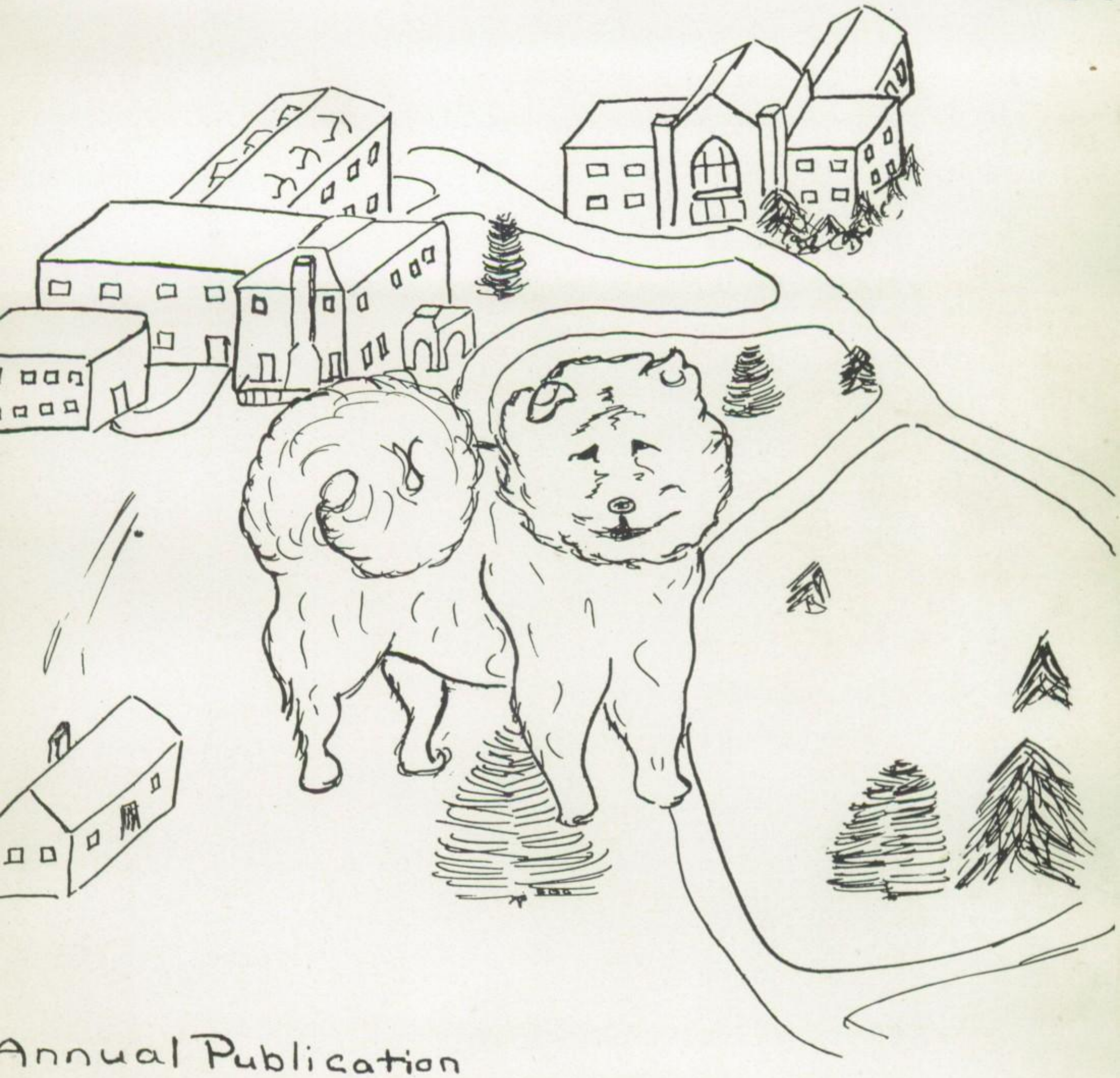
Love to a swell gal,

Tid

P.S. Take care of Patty 'till I get there and make her behave herself.

Elizabeth Garrett

THE SAINT OF 1950



Annual Publication
St. Anne's School
Charlottesville, Virginia

THEME

Dear Readers:

We of the Annual Staff have worked for years trying to make The Saint a true picture of St. Anne's as we all remember it.

Many of us are growing feeble in service, and this year we simply had to give up. Ideas would not come. We thought and thought and decided that nothing we could say or do would please you.

Just as we were feeling most frustrated, who should ask to come to one of our meetings (though she now claims we begged her) but Pung-yo. Here was our solution! Since she was so interested, why not let her write the Annual?

At first, she was not too pleased, but we reminded her that since her very name means "friend," it was her bounden duty to give us the benefit of her objective view of us all and her generally philosophic attitude.

We feel that her usual reclining position, with ears always cocked to pick up bits of juicy gossip and notice of praiseworthy endeavor, have made her the perfect source of information.

Just as Pung-yo is our "friend," so are we one another's friend. May this year's Annual, as inspired by Pung-yo, remind you of all that St. Anne's means.

The Annual Staff.

Miss Catherine Offley Coleman

DEDICATION

WHO is liable to slip into your room while you are deep in thought, startle you out of your studies with the sudden glare of a flashbulb, and happily laugh (with her own special roar) as she clutches the camera and steals down the hall in pursuit of new unsuspecting subjects?

Who announces her arrival and departure with the thunderous spluttering of an extremely undersized car?

Who was it that bewildered all of us, not to mention herself, by moving from floor to floor, and room to room at the beginning of this year? (I thought she'd *never* settle down!)

Her sitting room has seen her work without pause on such occasions as that memorable one when the Annual had to go to press, even though she should have been in bed the entire time because of her cold, and it has seen her give generously of her time to anyone, whether the help was needed for French, English, Chemistry, Math, her own subject (Bible), or just one of the many trials and tribulations of daily life.

Above all, who has the understanding of Hosea, the perseverance of Moses, and the patience of Job? . . .

Well, of course I mean

Miss Catherine Offley Coleman

FACULTAS, FACULTATIS

HAVING waited for long hours for Miss Mitchell to finish handing out money so she could cut my hair or scratch my back, I finally decided I might as well go to the school building. As I started out the door, who should come tripping by but Mrs. Davis, a sheaf of inspection notes in hand. As I did not have time to talk, I hastily left the building and, to my great delight, I met Mrs. Snoddy, who had taken time out from her science classes to bring me a dog biscuit. While I was eating ravenously, I heard someone muttering about juicy roasts and brown gravy. Hungrily, I looked up, but it was Mrs. Walker talking over the night's dinner with Miss Gibbs, who stood hypodermic in hand—flu shots, no doubt.

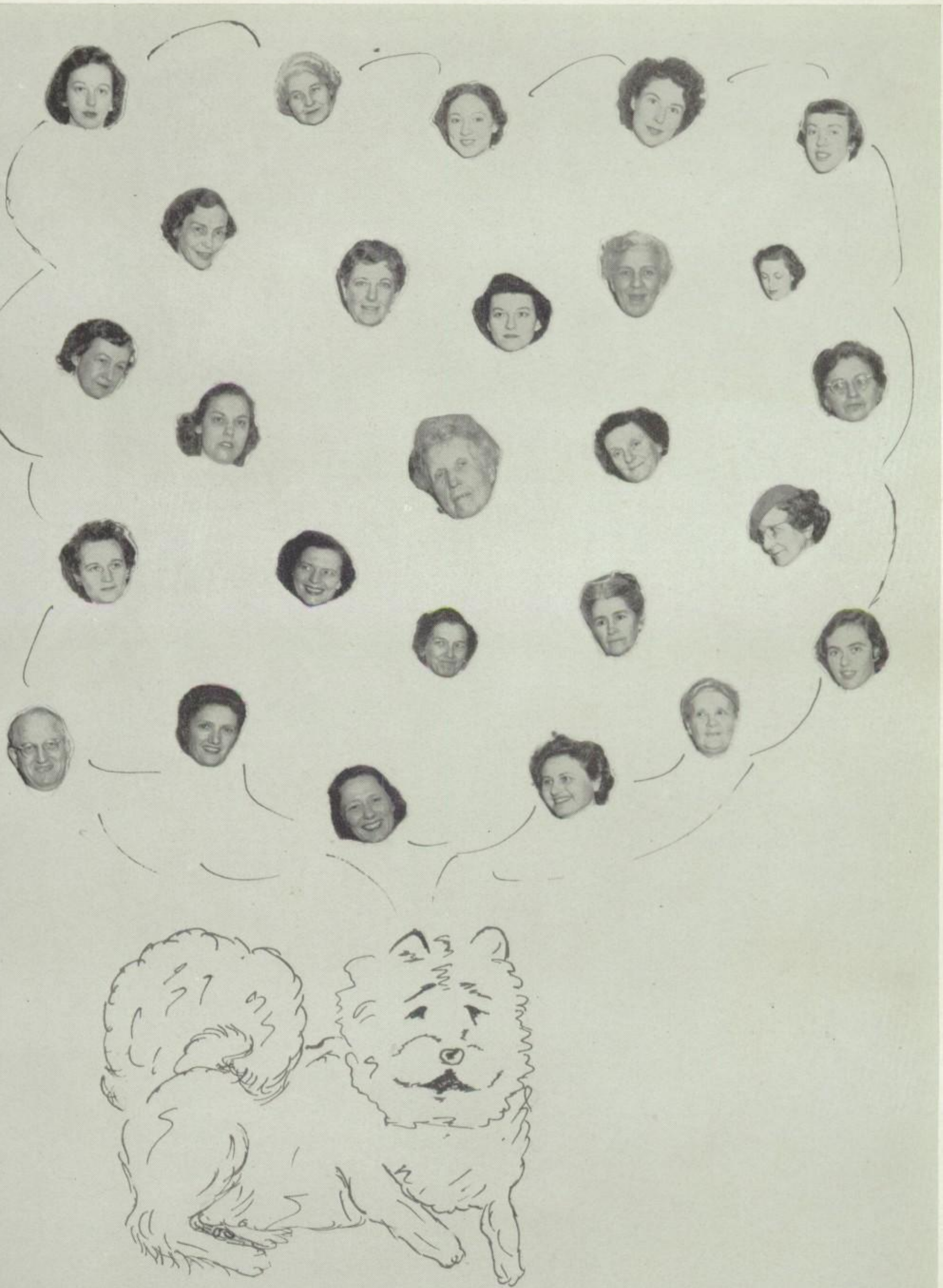
Onward I went into the school building, where I suddenly heard, "Ouch!" followed by, "I don't mean to be casting asparagus on anybody, but . . ." I wandered on past Mrs. Waddell's room in time to hear Mrs. Duke saying, "Now, ya see, if this angle of the right triangle has fohty-five degrees, ya see . . ." I stopped for a moment to increase my knowledge of math, and then passed Miss Cochran's office; pricking up my ears, I heard Miss Cochran say, "Now, Paula, you know somebody will come in any minute with a new request, and I've got to get my black book straightened out first." I glanced in and saw Miss Dresser chewing on her glasses, pushing at her hair with one hand, and trying desperately to draw Miss C.'s attention to the finances.

At that moment, a student dashed up to the bookstore, and I chuckled as I heard Mrs. Yoe say, "No, the mail hasn't come, and you know you are not supposed to buy anything until lunch time." The door to the school building opened, and in came Miss Foss and Miss Davis. As usual, Miss Davis was appropriately dressed for her dance classes, and Miss Foss was balancing a basket-ball in one hand and clutching a hockey stick in the other. As they reached the head of the stairs, they were nearly mowed down as Miss Coleman galloped by, camera in hand—late again for class.

Somewhere below a door opened, and I heard Mrs. Randolph replying to some inquisitive soul: "What do *you* think I mean? Be specific. Define your terms." At this, Mrs. Elliott strolled by, carefully explaining to her husband the tvpe of set and lights needed for the next play. Glancing at the clock, I frantically realized that I had just enough time to get to the second floor before the sixth grade would come by in full force with Mrs. Kelley and Mrs. del Greco.

Upstairs, the first sound to reach my ears came from Mrs. Boaz' classroom, where a voice energetically repeated, "Repetition, repetition, repetition!" This didn't mix so well with the sound of Mrs. Clemons getting her voice in shape for the job of auctioning at the Junior Bazaar—"*Quid bidis*?" Next, Madame Micaud entered her classroom with, "*Bonjour, Mademoiselles, asseyez-vous.*" As I passed Madame Perrenoud's French class, her voice was raised questioningly, "Who is murmuring? I hear a murmur!" In quick succession, I heard Mrs. Hankins asking, "Do you mean the fohth problem about the circle, or the fohteenth?" and, from the library, Miss Gibson saying, "Now you people are in here to study . . ."

As I was about to go back downstairs, Miss Coltrane and Mrs. Alford passed by me on their way to the third floor. Miss Coltrane was explaining the rhythm of a new piece of music, and I heard her half-singing, "Now, it goes 'one and two and three and four.' " Mrs. Alford replied apologetically, "Oh, I didn't understand that! Oh, I'm sorry!" I arrived on the first floor in time to hear Senorita Unamuno greet Mr. Donovan with, "Do you go or do you came?" Mr. Donovan shifted his stack of notes and said, "No, I'm here for the Senior Bible." At this last, I decided that my education had been furthered sufficiently for the day and headed for the cool shade of my favorite tree.



FACULTY

FACULTY DIRECTORY

ELIZABETH BROOKE COCHRAN — *Principal*
B.A., Wheaton College; M.A., University of Virginia

PAULA DRESSER — *Assistant Principal*
B.A., Iowa State Teachers' College; M.Ed., University of Cincinnati; Graduate Work, Cincinnati Conservatory of Music

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B.A., Randolph-Macon Woman's College; Graduate Work, University of Virginia

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JUDITH C. GIBSON — *Librarian*
Drexler School of Library Science

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Farmville State Teachers' College; Special Work, University of Virginia

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ANNE G. MITCHELL — *Secretary*
Graduate, Fairfax Hall Junior College

DORCAS D. PERRENOUD — *French*
Graduate, (Academie de Neuchatel); Officier d'Academie; Founder and former Directress of French House, University of Chicago

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B.S., University of Kentucky; M.A., University of California

MARIA DE UNAMUNO — *Spanish*
University of Madrid

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B.A., Randolph-Macon Woman's College; M.A., University of Virginia

ANNE G. WALKER — *Dormitory Director*

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HAWSIE CRISFIELD . . . . . *President*

DORRIE DAVENPORT . . . . . *Vice-President and Secretary*

ELISE BANCROFT . . . . . *Treasurer*

MRS. CAMMANN DUKE . . . . . *Sponsor*

SENIORS, SENIORES

WITHIN the much-debated past, during twelve years, four years, three years, and even one year, there has been at St. Anne's a rather noticeable group of girls who are now the Seniors. I have watched these girls progress from their Freshman "attitude" to the famed Sophomoric "attitude" and, from this, to the calmer Junior "attitude" until at last they became . . . Seniors.

I have sat, or lain, as the case may be, quietly by during these years as Miss Cochran or Miss Dresser continually strived to impress upon them the old maxim, "United we stand, divided we fall," but there were times when it seemed it would never take effect. Why, as I remember, they often got completely mixed up. They woke up at light bell and went to sleep at rising bell; and the noise they made!

But, as I said at the beginning, that's all in the past. In fact, now they not only stand united, but (sometimes) quietly. I'll even go so far as to say that *maybe* Miss Cochran's "inevitable" has really happened, but let me stop and tell you about each one as I remember her.

SENIORS

Anna Elise Bancroft

"Elise", "Lisey"

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA
'45 -'46; '47 -'50

So Lisey's going to graduate this spring? Well, she's been here for four years as an able and eager St. Anne's-er. She has really shone in various fields—dramatics, Service Council, Altar Guild, Captain of the White Team her Senior year, and, for lo! these many years, has kept accounts straight for her class. What a treasure-r! In her Junior year she was in the May Court—that was for being her friendly, generous, appreciative self! Who will forget that infectious laugh; that adoration of any and all animals; those tales of Sebasco; those continuous contests (as she says, "I'm on the sucker list for all those contests," and all who have been hounded agree!); those mad moments when she either recites poetry or bursts dramatically into Gilbert and Sullivan, trying to sing all the parts at once; or her innocent, "Now, I'm not that dumb. You all just think I don't know anything!" Remember the roars of laughter as she's caught on to somebody's best joke about five minutes too late? Or the "Go'an, Aggie, go'an," and "Professor, I'm gonna sing about my behby!" echoing down the hall? Yes, when you hear that laugh you know it's 'Lise!

Elizabeth Ann Bent

"Betsy"

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA
'49 -'50

Betsy has the distinction of having been at St. Anne's for only one year, and in that short time she has become as much a part of the school as anyone else. She has certainly been active in school events and all that, but her personality, coupled with those dimples, has really given Betsy her fixed place. Would it seem at all unusual if we suddenly heard echoing down the hall, "Oh, come on and tell me, you all!" Or maybe even, "But, Elise, he *couldn't* have said that!" Yes, Betsy means a lot of things: She's height that we've envied often enough; she's a stately model in the Fashion Show; she's short, gently curling hair, and she's sparkling eyes that have the habit of wandering quite a bit. Above all, she's charm plus and a deep Southern accent that will always be nothing short of perfect to everyone who knows this laughing Southern belle.

Elsie Chamberlain

"Elsie"

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA
'45 -'50

Can anyone believe that this finishes the fifth year of Elsie's life at St. Anne's? That the little girl who became a noted model in the Fashion Show and the pride of the French class is graduating? In fact, her math grades have also shown that she knows whereof she speaks, even if it does get a little scrambled at times! And then, who hasn't been in the Senior Home Room before Chapel in the morning, or heard echoing down the hall, "Did I tell you who called?" or, "Well, you all, guess what he said last night; just guess!" But if you're around when she's studying, it's liable to be, "O Dorrie, help me! I can't get it." With Dorrie, Merrill, Flip, and Poochie perched on desks and gabbing on though, who can study long? Certainly not Elsie, and her wide-eyed gullibility and casual giggle soon show her curiosity. And before you know it, she's nearly monopolized the conversation in her eagerness to impart everything she knows to everyone present. But whether the topic of conversation is the Dramatics Club or the U. Va., it's bound to be of interest, and it's bound to concern Elsie.

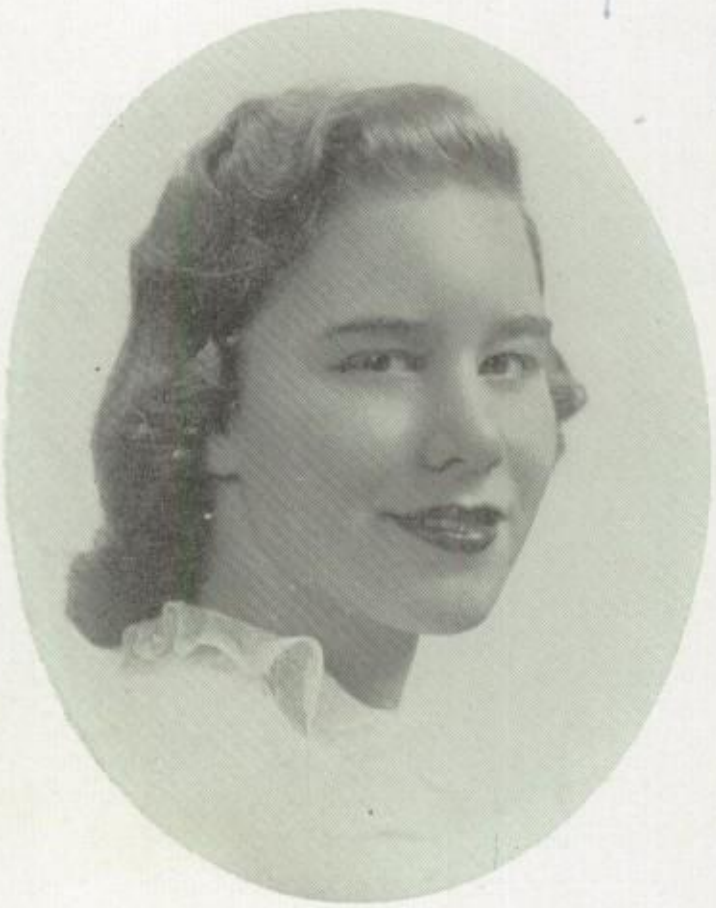
Angelica Farquharson Cranford

"Anne", "Cranfi"

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA
'45 -'50

Cranfi—well, one hardly needs to say more. The name is the sum total of five years, day and boarding, of haps, mishaps, and chance, particularly while rooming with Eula Kate. Will anyone forget: The glasses either slipping down her nose or maliciously hiding in some deceitful cubbyhole; her struggles with those unruly columns of figures that constitute Math; her enthusiasm when she was a cheerleader, and her equestrian ability? Remember when she won the Reserve Championship without ever practicing for the Horse Show? Her wild attempts at efficiency during the time she was treasurer of the Dramatics Club; her tales; her prevarications; her quick comebacks; and, most of all, her *joie de vivre*—will we ever forget Cranfi?

SENIORS



Hawsie Goodloe Crisfield

"Hawsie"

SEAFORD, DELAWARE
'46 -'50

"Now, you all, it's time for the meeting to come to order!" Yes, Sophomore year and, now again, as a Senior, Hawsie can be found trying to keep her class on the straight and narrow path. Of course, there are times when she shows that tendencies toward hiding behind the doors, finding stray food, and generally getting into mischief have not completely fled with the passing of Freshman year. Yes, Hawsie loves for people to search high and low for her, only to find that she was there all the time. But then there's her work on Varsity Hockey and Basketball—those long legs really stretch when she gets going. The Glee Club has numbered her in its ranks for all four years, and the Service Council has also reaped the fruits of her labors. Her sense of humor and her skill at mimicking help to account for the outbursts frequently heard in room 16. From May Court as a Freshman to the hectic management of the Fashion Show and the Captaincy of Varsity Basketball as a Senior, Hawsie has steadily maintained a hand on the helm of the Senior Class.

Sarah Winfree Darling

"Sally"

HAMPTON, VIRGINIA
'46 -'50

(I want to thank Miss Coleman for hiding this from Sally. [Signed] Pung-yo.) Who's the girl who carried off the nerve-wracking (and, believe me, it is nerve-wracking) job helping me edit THE SAINT this year? In addition, she's captained the Second Hockey Team, taken time off from basketball, dramatics, and Service Council activities to lend her dulcet tones to the Glee Club for four years, and at times she has managed to get the entire wing in an uproar with her stuck-in-the-mud walking technique. From the trials and tribulations of her Freshman year to her poised modeling in the Fashion Show, Sally's path has been on the road uphill. In her two years of service on the Annual, she has had a part in creating order and disorder, but once she's settled down to get the job done, there's no holding her back. She'll talk for hours on end—sometimes sense, but often nonsense if someone gets her started—and beware of disturbing her when she's listening to that radio. Whether it's Bing Crosby or one of her mother's programs or the results of the latest Hampton football game, her concentration is at a peak. It's really been fun working with her this year; I never realized her dogged determination.

Dorrie Hildreth Davenport

"Dorrie"

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA
'38 -'50

Twelve years . . . from a toddling first grader to a sedate (at times) Senior, Dorrie has made herself a fixture at St. Anne's. Two years of service on the literary staff of THE SAINT have given her a chance to show her wit, and the year as Assistant Editor further revealed her organizing abilities. This, her Senior year, finds her Vice-President-Secretary of her class, on the Service Council and *Grapevine*, a member of the Glee Club with a long record of service behind her, and a backbone in the Footlights Club; among her roles was that of Miss Minerva this year. Don't let all this scare you, though, for Dorrie has many sides: at times, she's completely wacky; at others, she's the prom-trotter at the U. Va.; and then again, she's good old Dorrie who can always be counted upon to be on hand. If you want to go crazy, just get her with Sally and the combined senses of humor will put you well on the road to the nearest psychiatrist; but if you learn to relax through it all, you'll find that this three-sided Dorrie is well worth cultivating, and her contributions of the past twelve years deserve the praise they have received.

Katherine Hoyt du Pont

"Kitten"

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE
'46 -'50

"Won't you buy an ad?" That's the business manager of THE SAINT speaking. She's a whiz at Math and efficient to boot, so why the trouble balancing those monthly bills? Of course, Kitten's been in so many things—President of the Freshman Class; Service Council for four years; service in both Glee Club and dramatics; varsity hockey and basketball. She can either ignore or join the pranks of her roommates with complete *savoir-faire*, stay on honors, don a mustache for the dramatics club and be hero of the play, keep up with those many letters, and stay generally busy. She's an expert on "pie" beds, can stuff a pillow into a most lifelike dummy, can get the measles at the most inopportune times (and thereby interrupt a Bermuda trip her Sophomore year), and that dash of spicy misdemeanor gives flavor to her firmness, intelligence, and personality.

Dearest Betty ——

I really could tell you what a cute gal you are in any original way — but enough said —— love —— + lots of it ——

Sue

Susan Isabel Faill

"Sue"

NIAGARA FALLS, NEW YORK
'47 -'50

Here's Susan! Well, this slyboots with her suppressed smile really recalls a great many things. Remember those hysterical moods, castles in Tinagami, and Delicia, and Lambie Pie? In the past, she's been known to play on the hockey team, work for the annual business staff, manage the business end of the *Grapevine*, and sing in the Glee Club. Furthermore, she's famous for a voracious midnight appetite, which has, at times, seemed contrary to the good-looking girl who modeled as "After" in the Senior Skit. She's been seen on the tennis court, racquet in hand, and was in the finals for the trophy last year. . . Pauline Betz was never like this! Never could she decide whether to cut her hair or let it grow! At times, she's sophistication plus; at others, she's not; but regardless, the low voice, the turned-up nose, and the dignity of her demeanor mark our Sue.

Dear Betty,
Well, another old Delawarian!
Goodness! Be good next year and be a
real Jaunty Junior!
Good luck — Love,
Helen

Helen Harris

"Helen"

HYDEN, KENTUCKY
'47 -'50

"And let's give a yell for the entire team!" For the past two years, Helen has added her pep and enthusiasm to the support of each of the various team endeavors, and that support has certainly played a major role in the pep and morale of the student body. This year as Captain of the Cheerleaders, she instituted a much more intense series of practices than had been the custom, and the results were obvious. Never have there been more new yells, all performed with precision. As official telephoner for the Open Houses, Helen has developed a line which is well worth studying; she even got out of it very neatly the time she accidently invited a married man to come! Her midnight prowls have been somewhat curtailed by her moving from the third to the second floor, but Helen is still capable of mischief. Whether she's talking on the phone, telling about Hyden, or just talking, Helen keeps things lively when she's around!

Dear Betty.
It has been simply wonderful knowing you; and I am sure I will see you again because I'll be in this direction for 3 years more
be good.
Love, Poochie

Lucy Abbott Henderson

"Poochie"

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA
'42 -'50

The Senior representative to the Athletic Association, a very essential member of second varsity hockey team, the captain of the second team in basketball, and an alto in the Glee Club for four years—naturally it's Poochie! But she isn't known solely for this, her riding ability, and the overall fact that she is one of our essential athletes—how about her kibitzing on court or in classroom? And the fact that she's short in size and hair-do, though certainly not in wit and good humor? Then there's her completely unassuming manner and her ability to be herself that make her equally at home in the Horse Show ring or as a model in the Fashion Show? And what about those birthday cakes which have appeared every year since the eighth grade? (Stop blushing, Pooch!) Of course, we could go on and on, but why bother? We all know Poochie!

Patricia Kearse

"Patty"

CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA
'45 -'50

Here's the oldest member of the boarding department from the point of years at St. Anne's. And what years they've been! Patty has had her ups and downs, but efficiency has always been her watchword. Both the Service Council and the Glee Club have claimed her for four years, and this year she's been Head of the Service Council. Who can forget the way she ran the Christmas parties; the numbers grew, and Patty was not always calm and cool as a cucumber, but the results were really tops. Further indications of her skill in organization were shown in her work as Junior President, and her unfailing desire to see that all is in running order has made her a valuable member of the Altar Guild for lo! these many years. How everyone cheered when she "made" All-State as goalie at the Prep Hockey tournament! And varsity basketball can also be added to her list. On the other hand, Patty can "pie" a bed with skill—although she has less luck covering up the identity of the culprit—or perform other acts of mischief with great zest. She can run the gamut from anger to tears to cheers to a dimply smile, and she can change from the perpetual washer of shortie white gloves to getting a chapel service started on a moment's notice. Such is Patty!

Joanne Evelyn Reed

"Joanne"

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA
'47 -'50

Horses, horses, horses! With that introduction, could it be anyone but Joanne? Who hasn't heard extensively all the past and latest news about her mare and the horses at the ranch? For three years she's shown she knows what she talks about by her riding at Elliewood's. We doubt if even a cyclone could keep her away from the stables! Goodness knows we've envied her beautiful clothes often enough, and what about that marvelous Spring Vacation trip to New York? Plays, shopping, the Waldorf . . .! Then there was the Bermuda trip, too. Remember her trials and tribulations in coping with the "nuts" of rooms 14 and 16? What patience! Next she's down the hall to tell Mita or Trudye the new plans and ideas or to read the latest letter. But whatever she does, she does with great interest, as she has proven on many an occasion.

Agnes Scott Rodgers

"Aggie"

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA
'47 -'50

Has anyone seen Professor Gnus, Mrs. Snoddy's "prize chemistry student?" She's probably tearing her hair over the current issue of the *Grapevine*, or gleefully teasing Elise up in the dorm. Or, if there's a team game today (hockey or basketball), Aggie's bound to be in the middle of that. In fact, under Agnus's inspiration, "our team is red hot!" She even inspired herself to become a fullback on the All-State Reserves and Captain of the Gold Team, not to mention her being the Class Secretary in the Sophomore year, and a member of the Service Council. Of course, if you haven't found her yet, it's always possible that she and Kitten have taken advantage of their Honor's standing, and leapt off to the movies. Obviously, she's full to the brim with energy but, believe it or not, Gnes gets tired, and woe be unto you if you bother her when she's trying to sleep! Remember: The troubles and fun; the talks with Madame; her "Santa Claus" at the Elderly Ladies' Home (Santa Claus "forgot his glasses" and had a little trouble eating ice cream through his beard); the cheese and marbles in Room 1, two years ago; her fights with radios; the way Elise would never wake up; her worries, exasperation, bursts of gaiety and, above all, Agnes!

Dear Betty—
Another of the true Wilmingtonians to carry on! Keep up the good dramatic work, Mr Diacy!
love Carol

Caroline Ramsay Stabler

"Carol"

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE
'46 -'50

Whether it's off for a week-end, playing hockey, leading a "bull" session, singing in the Glee Club, or heading the Athletic Association, Carol is always up to something, and she does it with pep and enthusiasm without peer. In four years she's been Vice-President of the Freshman Class, Sophomore athletic representative, Secretary of the A. A., and now its President. As center-forward on the Varsity Hockey team, she contributed many a goal and justly deserved her place on Reserve All-State. Basketball season will find her playing center guard and taking time out between the halves to help with the cheers. Parties after lights, studying in the closets, pranks galore—all arouse Carol's interest, because here's a girl whose vim, vigor, and vitality know no bounds. She's graced the May Court, and she's also appeared on the leaf-raking brigade. Above all, however, she is morale builder par excellence. Who can be sad with that exuberance around?

Dearest Betty
I was so glad to see you at St. Anne's this year. Hope you get as much fun out of it as I have - maybe I'll see you at the beach this summer
Love
Flip

Philippa Stanwood

"Flip"

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA
'42 -'50

The tall girl with the short hair and the inane, but wonderful, personality—that's Flip. She's the star on the basketball court and for years has shone equally well, and possibly more often, on the dance floor. She's parties, constant dates, good English History grades, time and energy spent on the Service Council, and a rather harried, but efficient, Glee Club President. She is perfection in make-up, a marvelous clothes-horse, slender gesticulating hands, and a ready laugh. She is also a rather scatterbrained wit and has a somewhat hysterical appreciation for anyone's joke. (More often than not, her own!) But, believe it or not, she can, and does, get serious at times. Anyway, that easy-going manner and that well-rounded personality add up to one thing and, as we said before—that's Flip!

Doris Carmelita Troost

"Mita"

CURACAO, N. W. I.
'47 -'50

Mita is the girl from Curacao whose graduation from St. Anne's marks the end of three years in which she's given us plenty to remember her by. First, there's the fact that since her first year here she has been a well-needed second alto in the Glee Club; also, among her achievements are her enthusiasm and work as a member of the Second Team in basketball this past year. But most of all we'll remember Mita for herself. How about that interest and support in everything possible, proven effectively enough by her tireless work on the Annual; those letters to Sandy in England; and that remarkable listening ability, which has enabled her to bear with her rather talkative roommate? And is there anyone in the school who hasn't heard every planned detail so far in her trip to Europe this summer, and the reunion in Paris with Marijke and many other friends from Curacao? No indeed, we may not recall her occasional mischief, but we won't easily forget Mita!

Eula Kate Tuttle

"Tut"

EASTON, CONNECTICUT
'47 -'50

Eula Kate! "Lovely, divine, ravishing, alluring . . ." Needless to say, this was quoted verbatim, but how can you write about Tut without quoting her? . . . "And I said to Mrs. Boaz, 'Madam,' and she said to me, 'Your Grace . . .!'" "Well, I'll tell you, my life is a vacuum; it's very dull, and when you get to writing about it, it bores you. I just bore myself sometimes!" (Small sigh.) Who believes that? In fact, it's more than likely that those long yawns are from lack of sleep, which would account for her appearance each morning at breakfast. And what about those loud tones echoing through her suite after light bell? Tut never could whisper. But then, after all, "It's that my voice has a carrying quality. Sarah Bernhardt's had a carrying quality . . . Ezio Pinza's has a carrying quality . . .!" Yet, who, in spite of all this, is "compassionate, capable, efficient, able?" Eula!

P. S.—By the way, she is President of the Dramatics Club and on Varsity Hockey, Annual Staff, *Grapevine*, Service Council—"willing, industrious, eager, laborious, indefatigable . . .!"

Dear Betty, I'll never forget now we shared (ha!) over those pongo pictures - it was really fun thought- best & love always artistically yours Merrie

Virginia Merrill Underwood

"Merrill"

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA

'41 -'50

Guess who's giggling? What's so hysterical? Merrill! She has been known for her neat appearance, her curly hair, her vivacity, her artistic ability on the Annual, her worries with Math, and her Secretary-Treasurership in the Glee Club. But what about the gal who's involved in a million scrapes . . . who sits in French Class and thinks of everything but French—and what does Madame think of that? . . . who puts forth provoking questions in Biology Class—and what does Mrs. Snoddy think of that? You think of Merrill: amused grinning, snickering . . . "Laugh and the world laughs with you"—well, she's one girl who has got the whole world at her feet.

Fredericka Fleming Wigton

"Rickie"

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

'47 -'50

"Agnes! Mary B! How in heck are we getting home?" 'Nuf said, that lusty yell belongs to Rickie. Pretty soon you'll hear how she plans to spend B's money until they reach Pittsburgh. How on earth does Mary B stay calm between Aggie's, "While you're on your feet, B . . ." and Rickie's, "B, pay the man"? In fact, how does one stay calm around Rickie? Unless, of course, she's still asleep, or pretending to be deathly ill, or something. But she certainly wasn't either of the latter two when she captained the Hockey First Team to its first undefeated season in six years; though it bordered on it when she took over her job as Kitten's Assistant Fire Chief at some unearthly hour of the night for a fire drill! And maybe it was that love of sleep that caused her to be late for so many buses. She really uses her energy on occasion, though, as the sounds from that typewriter prove. She's typed for the *Grapevine* for two years, not to mention those letters. And remember her basketball prowess? Yes, she's fooled plenty of people often enough, but St. Anne's has finally realized that, with Rickie, a lot goes on behind that sleepy look!

Ann Carolyn Williams

"Ann"

COLUMBIA, NORTH CAROLINA
'47 -'50

Hurrah for Carolina! Hurrah for the Tarheels! And cheers for Columbia! Will anyone ever think of them without Ann Carolyn? Of course not! And there are lots of other things she makes us think about besides . . . such as lengthy correspondence; being in the May Court; water fights in her Junior year; *faux pas;* a fur coat, and a tiny waist. Also her silly moods; haircutting and barber to all; those bubble baths; snickering; and sudden hates on men. Then she was Secretary of the Service Council and Head of the Altar Guild. Remember the hours she spent getting candles, arranging magnolia leaves, and keeping the vestments clean? And, of course, there was always archery. Yes . . . Ann Carolyn is a Carolinian to remember!

"Mr Darcy"—!
Good luck and all
My love — to a real
cute girl—
Ann

AFTER reading what I have written about my good friends, the Seniors, I am sure that you can see why I like them so much. Of course, I could tell many more funny stories about them such as those of suffocation while hiding in a laundry hamper, tricks to get to wear an S. M. A. coat, and so on *ad infinitum*, but you know Miss Cochran is my pal too, so I have to leave her something for her final vespers address.

THE WILL OF 1950

IT WAS so doggone warm today that I got to feeling sort of lazy and tired and thought I'd catch forty winks while no one was looking. Unhappily for me, however, I chanced to lie down right outside the window of the Senior Home Room. It might be that I'm getting old, or something, but the racket they were making sounded worse than a litter of six-week old pups. Sleep being out of the question, I decided I might as well perk up my ears and listen, and this is what I heard:

It seems that Sally Darling had asked the Seniors to decide what parting gifts they wanted to leave St. Anne's to remember them by. Betsy started off by saying that she would leave her coy looks and flirtatious eyes to May Mann Nash, then asked Helen what her choice was.

"Oh, you all!" shrieked Helen, caught unprepared, "I guess I'll just leave them that Harris charm, poise, and sophistication."

"Helen, the only thing you'll leave is the Junior Hall a lot quieter!" After making this remark, Sue decided to leave *her* ability for poise and sophistication to Mary Slaughter. Ann Carolyn followed this up with a decision to leave her Scarlett O'Hara waist to Claire Pieper, to prevent further diets. This resulted in a series of wild giggles from Merrill, whose contribution was to leave her blond curls to Irene Darden. Joanne then added her contribution to St. Anne's: "I guess I'll just leave my gracefulness, agility, and love of exercise to all future students of the dance." A sudden howl from Rickie announced her decision to leave the inimitable P. Willow posture to Teddy Sanchez. Throughout all this, Elsie had been shrieking unheeded, and now Aggie turned to her with, "Try to keep it down to a small roar, Elsie." In a hurt tone, Elsie explained that she merely wanted to leave her quiet, unobtrusive manner to Lang Eyster. At this, Elise called out, "O Aggie, I just can't think of anything; please come here!" "OK, Baby!" "Now, what can I do?" "Well, for one thing, you can leave and take all your mongrels with you." As Elise's voice rose in indignation, Dorrie said, "Well, I'll just leave my sandals behind for anyone who wants that Grecian look. Personally, I'm sick of it." At this, Mita joined in with, "And I'm sick of radios, movies, etc. I swear I'll leave Sally to the highest bidder . . . or any bidder." Sally added, "I'd be willing to leave my little radio to anyone who loves Theater Guild and has a deaf roommate." Cranfi announced emphatically, "I'm just going to have to leave a pair of my glasses here; I can't find them anywhere." After being informed that they were perched atop her head, she asked Kitten about her contribution. Kitten replied that she was thinking of leaving her massive record collection to any hard-working student who could find time to enjoy it. "Well, I'll gladly leave some of my intelligence to Mrs. Randolph," put in Tut. "I was saying to her just the other day, 'Now, Augusta, you really aren't very bright.' And she said to me, 'I know, Eula; you are so wise, can you help me?' So I said to her, 'Well, Augusta . . .'" As Tut dashed on, Aggie broke in with her decision to keep her rather divided personality to herself, but to leave the black hair-band to Betsy Paine. Patty and Carol climaxed an argument with the compromise of leaving their Andover, *etc.*, week-ends to all young hopefuls, and their conquests at the U. Va. to the Open Houses of next year. All this time, Flip and Poochie had been carrying on a lively conversation and Flip was heard to say in a loud stage whisper, "But, Poochie, I just can't stand him. I mean I just can't!" "You can't stand anybody," answered Poochie in a disgusted tone. "Why don't you add all those cast-off boys to the group Patty and Carol are leaving? As for me, I'll leave my distinctive hair-do to Kenzie."

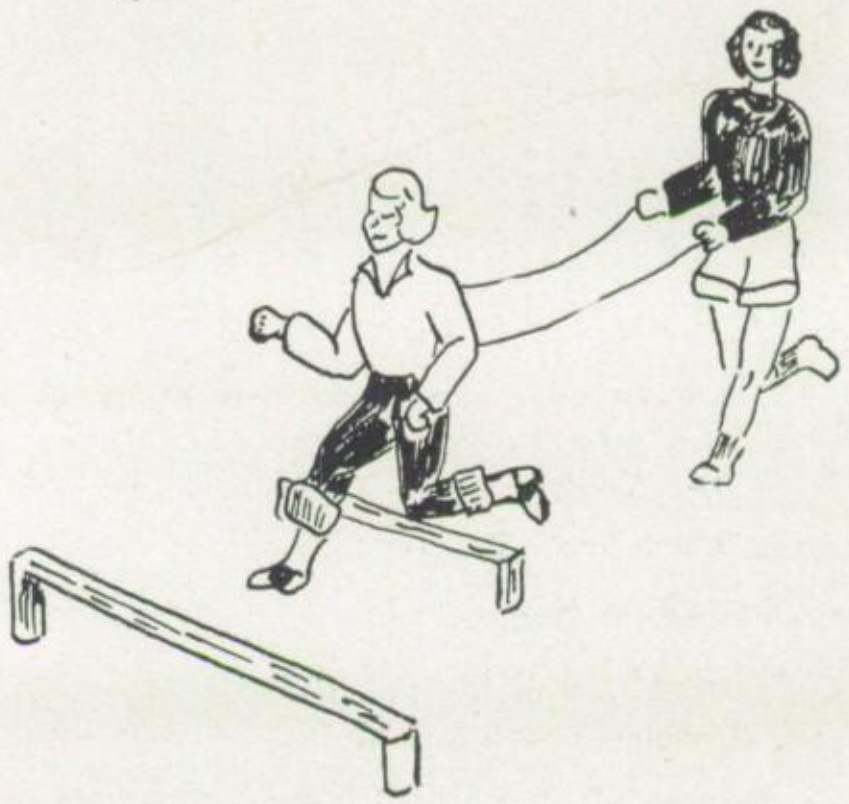
This accounted for all but Hawsie and, in answer to the questions fired her way, she said: "First of all, I'll leave the Presidency of the Senior Class to someone with iron nerves. She'll need them. And next, on the part of the entire Senior Class, I'd like to leave our sincere appreciation and gratitude to both faculty and student body for everything they have done to give our years at St. Anne's the worth they now have." While Hawsie was speaking, all the Seniors gradually ceased talking among themselves, and I, growing sleepier and sleepier in the warm sun, dozed off and heard no more.

UNDERCLASSMEN

AND now I feel it high time to mention the rest of the highly varied and yet distinctly interesting student body at St. Anne's.

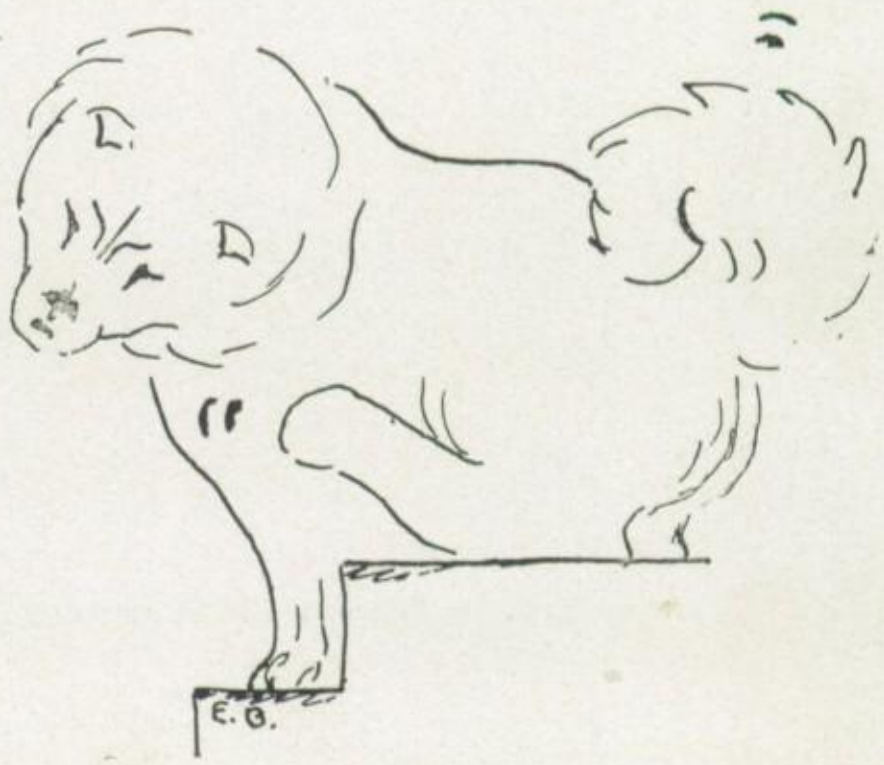
In looking back, it is here that I recall most of those who have nearly stumbled over me as they dashed, late again to classes; those who have stepped soundly upon my tail as they walked dreamily by with "the" letter in their hands; and even those who have given me an occasional pat, which I always took with modesty, discretion, and often spartan courage. I've watched their frantic actions on the hockey field, and the basketball and tennis courts, and I've never ceased to be amazed at the complete change they go through for their dances and Open Houses. And another thing that puzzles me is that many's the time I've overheard them telling one another just what they would say to Miss Cochran when they went to see her, and yet, even though I was right in Miss Cochran's office when they came in, I never did hear exactly what I was waiting for. It must be my delicate hearing. On the whole though, I feel I know them pretty well by now, and since they're going to be here a while longer, I'll just describe them as I remember them during this past year.

Under ~ Classmen



By

朋友



JUNIOR SNAPSHOTS

(1) Williamson, Bush (P.), Tseng (J.).
(2) Wallace, Matthews, Smith (E. G.), Sturkie, Vest (S.)

(3) Hall (S.), Clarke, Goggin, Warden. (4) Chiles, McKenzie, Page, Mack, Mrs. Waddell, McCarthy. (5) Bush (T.), Payne (P.), Horton, Frederick.

Not in Pictures: T. Sanchez

JUVENIS, JUNIOR

IT'S a sure fact that wherever I go, I'll soon be lying down, and a fact that's almost as inevitable is that soon a member of the Junior Class will abruptly interrupt my solitude by rushing past me at "express train" speed. I've heard it said that the Junior year is a busy one, and it certainly must be because never have I seen one of those girls pause in her forward rush to give me a pat and a kind word. Whether they're organizing the Junior-Senior Prom, the Junior Bazaar, or one of their many and varied activities, they're always in a hurry.

Many's the time I've seen the outcome of these undertakings hanging doubtfully in the balance, but, though they often tell themselves that everything just won't work out, it usually seems to.

However, this is a group that wouldn't for two minutes tolerate all work and no play. Even during the last hectic minutes of scurrying and hurrying, they can inevitably find time to chase each other up and down the none-too-peaceful Junior Hall, or sigh over that latest Perry Como record. Music is the password in this highly active group, and have they got rhythm!

MARGARET MCKENZIE	*President*
PAT PAGE	*Vice-President*
BOOTS MACK	*Secretary*
SARAH MCCARTHY	*Treasurer*
MRS. J. A. WADDELL	*Sponsor*

(1) Garrett, Barrett, Slaughter, Beckwith. (2) Blackford, Yoe, Vest (C.), Cetti (S.)

SOPH SNAPS

(3) Knight, Balis, Parrott, Welborn, Croft, Langhorne. (4) Nash, Miss Coltrane, Davis (H. A.), St. Clair (N.), Brill, Addington. (5) Maury, Worth, Sellers, Summerville

SOPHOS MOROS, SOPHOMORES

YEAR after year, my dwelling place has been under the Sophomores, which is not conducive to peace and quiet. While it is universally said that this group of girls has quite a sophomoric attitude, I have yet to find what it is, in the midst of the general confusion.

Considering that I live within earshot of this group, I have heard many of their intimate conversations. I remember one particular evening when I lay at Miss Cochran's feet—she boards with me, you know—loud and diverse opinions of Miss Cochran's real age came floating down the hall. It seems she's headed for the rockin' chair one moment and the cradle the next.

Another thing I've noticed is the strange creaking of the boards around 10:30 at night. Whenever these are investigated, there is much running around, and the next week-end I always see Sophomores raking leaves or the like.

But this class has a serious side, too. I know the carnival they gave last fall was a huge success, and then . . . their skit! I heard how good that was, and since they won the prize, I'd say that what I heard was true.

But, whether riding or dancing, the Sophomore Class adds up to two things—fun and success.

NANCY ST. CLAIR	*President*
MARY MANN NASH	*Vice-President*
MARILYN ADDINGTON	*Secretary*
HARRIET ANN DAVIS	*Treasurer*
MISS DOROTHY COLTRANE	*Sponsor*

FRESHMAN SNAPSHOTS

(1) Light, Pickett, Smith (C.), Bartlett, (2) Sherrerd, Wood (E.), Mrs. Snoddy, Hall (R.), Sanchez (A.), Payne (B.), (3) Pieper, Taylor, Burns, Barnes, Chapman. (4) Shepperson, Whitenack, Ryalls, MacConochie, Klingman. (5) Storm, Boylan, Radford, Patterson

FRESHMEN

WHETHER they're a-comin' around the bend into the home-stretch or racing down the hockey field or basketball court, this class is the most athletic group that's been around for many a year. But then I've had experience along this line before. I'm getting used to them using me as a jump when they're horses, but when they start substituting me for a basketball, I'm leaving! And I expect it any day.

One never can tell exactly what they're going to do next. Why, I remember one night in February when I heard them coming over to my dorm. Well, I had gotten all set for the usual bombardment when what to my wondering eyes should appear but the most ravishing group of belles I've ever seen, and all dressed up to kill. This was the outcome of many weeks of running around, and I hear the dance they gave was really tops.

From what I've overheard—and I overhear quite a bit—this group is going places, and, like everything else they do, they're going places fast.

Roberta Hall	*President*
Ana Sanchez	*Vice-President*
Lynn Sherrerd	*Secretary*
Elsa Wood	*Treasurer*
Mrs. Leland Snoddy	*Sponsor*

SEVENTH AND EIGHTH GRADE SNAPSHOTS

(1) Saunders, Mrs. Hankins, Marston, St. Clair (E.), Coleman. (2) Nokes (A.), Kerr, Parsons, Nokes (L.). (3) Eyster, Temple, Bancker, Whitman
(4) Tseng (H.), George, Ober, Wells
(5) Wall, Massey, Davis (P.), Rhinelander

SEVENTH AND EIGHTH GRADES

ON ONE of those sunny fall afternoons, I was nestled comfortably deep down in a billowy pile of leaves, dreaming happily of Mrs. Snoddy and her biscuit, when suddenly something *scraped* up the middle of my spine! After a brief attempt at replacing my fur, I poked my head out just in time to see a rake swinging towards me again. Seething with indignation, I recognized a group of Seventh and Eighth Graders haphazardly at campus work once more. Needless to say, all hope of continuing any peaceful slumber immediately fled, and I thought of the many other times I've had to blame them for lack of sleep, notably on Sunday mornings when all's quiet but the top floor of the Junior Dorm. They must store up an excess of energy from going to bed at 9:30, even though they have won permission to talk quietly until 10:00.

I'll have to admit that they have come up with some really good work upon occasion though. Their booths at the Junior Bazaar and plays in Skit Night were certainly well worth the effort, and the Seventh Grade surprised the whole school one morning, as I heard, with a really admirable assembly on the Civil War. The best remembered Eighth Grade entertainment was a wonderfully skillful production of three short plays: "Looking Forward," "Betty Behave," and "Fireman, Save My Child." These and numerous other dramatic bits that both classes have given are certainly establishing their reputations as little actresses, if I can trust everyone's judgment.

So, I suppose my philosophic Chinese attitude is the best of all to take at this point, for, somehow, I've always noticed that even the most dignified of the Senior Class was once an uproarious Seventh and Eighth Grader.

Eighth Grade

NANCY COLEMAN . . . . . *President*
ELEANOR ST. CLAIR . . *Vice-President*
SUE SAUNDERS . . *Secretary-Treasurer*
MRS. JOSEPH HANKINS . . . . *Sponsor*

Seventh Grade

ANN NOKES . . . . . *President*
KIKI KERR . *Vice-President - Secretary*
LUCY NOKES . . . . . *Treasurer*
MISS LEE DAVIS . . . . . *Sponsor*

(1) Belfield, Pietsch, Gibson, Koch, Vaughan, Weedon (M.)

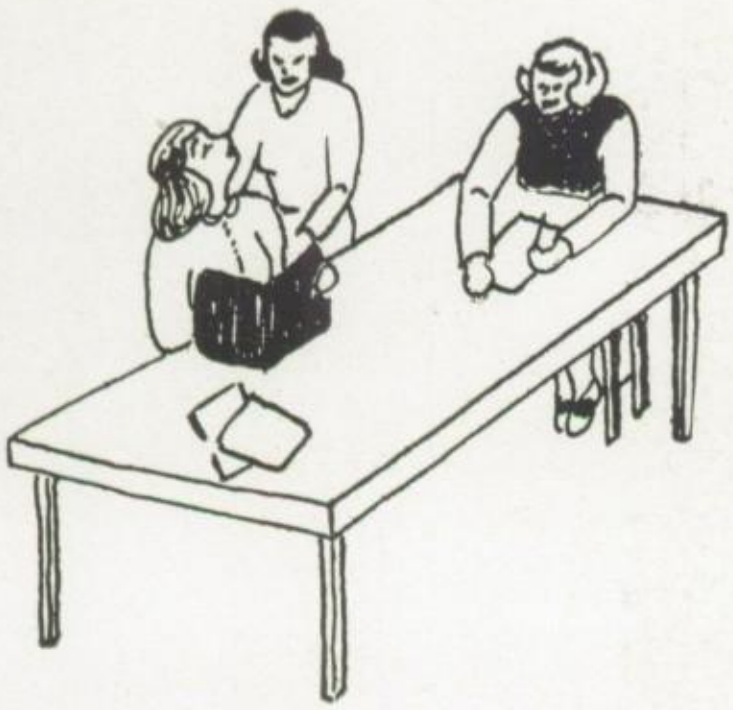
(2) Darden, Cetti (H.), Somerville, Weedon (B.), Duke, Wood (H.)

SIXTH GRADE

FOR the past year, the younger generation, the liveliest and happiest group of chatterboxes I've ever seen, has been dashing headlong through the sixth grade. Nothing bores them, while everything is considered of world-shaking importance, and they are certainly not averse to letting the whole school know it.

From the very minute they come rushing in the door and past me at 8:40 in the morning until they go tearing out past me at 3:15 in the afternoon (I rarely move during that time), they make their presence known with loud and far-reaching noises. Their enthusiasm touches everything from glee club and sports to dramatics. At times they even have absent-minded moments, as in the case of Barbara Koch and Parthie Gibson in the picture above.

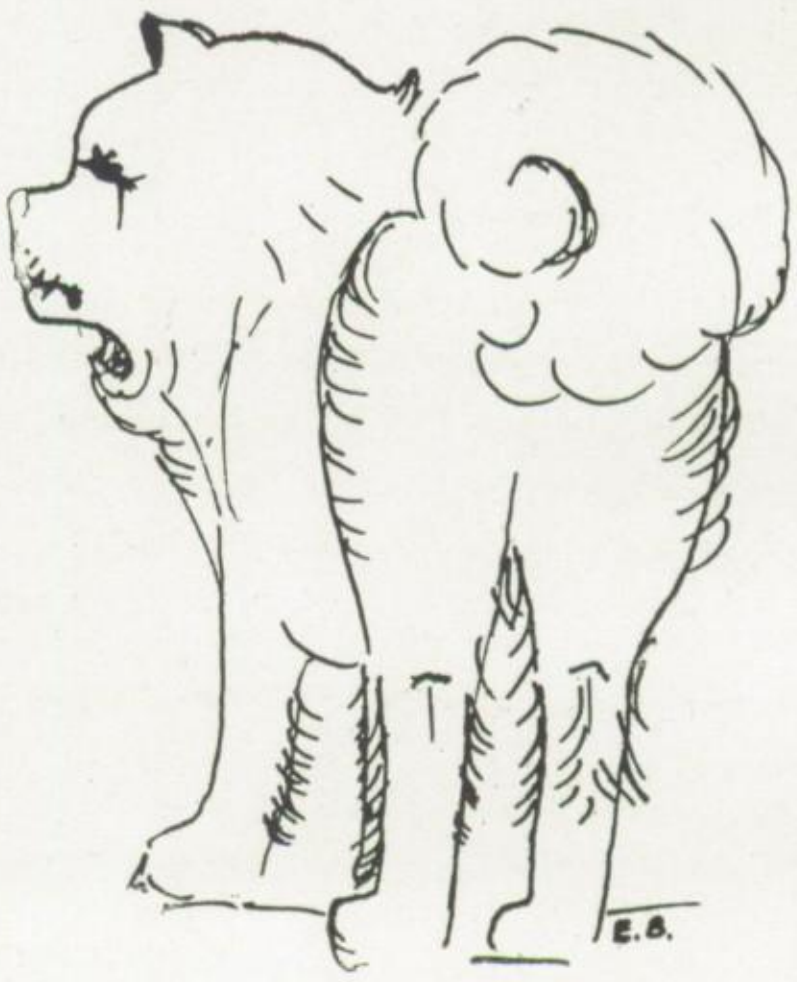
Even though these are the youngsters of St. Anne's, I'd say they've already gotten their feet firmly planted on our ladder with many happy years of Sophomoric attitude and Senior deference ahead.



ORGANIZATIONS

AS

I SEE THEM



THE SAINT

WHY do people retreat into Miss Coleman's sitting room with mysterious airs, locking the door behind them? This year I was *invited* to find out, and marched boldly and confidently in, little knowing that they were wishing off all their dirty work on me! As I settled myself down on the most comfortable part of the rug and relaxed, I realized suddenly that the entire staff was asking me to speak my mind freely and unreservedly about life at St. Anne's. I looked anxiously at Miss Coleman, who was occupying the rest of the rug as she pasted pictures on big white boards, but she offered me no assistance. Finally I came to the conclusion that this was, after all, the perfect opportunity to describe my past associations and experiences, so, with an assenting "woof," I opened my mouth and began.

Editor:

SALLY DARLING

Business Manager:

KITTEN DUPONT

Literary Staff

PAT PAGE, *Assistant Editor*

ANA SANCHEZ

EULA TUTTLE

Art Staff

BETTY GARRETT

MERRILL UNDERWOOD

LIZA BALIS

Business Staff

LILLA GOGGIN,
Assistant Business Manager

MARGARET MCKENZIE

HARRIET ANN DAVIS

TEDDY SANCHEZ

PAT BUSH

JANET MAURY

Directory Staff

ELLA GORDON SMITH JOYCE TSENG

Photography Staff

MISS CATHERINE O. COLEMAN, *Sponsor*

MARY B. WARDEN MARILYN ADDINGTON* MITA TROOST PEGGY RYALLS

* First semester, only.

THE ALTAR GUILD

EVERY morning from Monday through Friday, the beginning of the school day is heralded by two girls arriving early at the school building to decorate the altar for the day's chapel service.

Even though on these same mornings, over a hundred girls file down to view their handiwork, it's only after Christmas and Final Vespers that I can detect any praise being given to this patient, hard working group. Although my somewhat elderly condition has kept me from wandering down those many stairs to the chapel to see their daily and unpublicized preparations, I have heard how they keep the brass sparkling and the candles glowing throughout the year. From this evidence I gather that, though all the other organizations get their moments of rest, this sole group has to prove its merit day by day.

Through their tireless and determined efforts, I know that, even though the Altar Guild receives the appreciation of the entire school only after the more significant Vesper Services, this same appreciation is with the girls every morning when they see the decorations at the chapel service, whether or not they bother to take the time to express it.

ANN WILLIAMS . . . . . *Head*
MISS CATHERINE COLEMAN . . . . . *Sponsor*

(1) ADDINGTON, WILLIAMS, BANCROFT, KEARSE

(2) COLEMAN (N.), SANCHEZ (A.), BRILL, MCKENZIE

Seated: Hall (S.), Miss Foss, Stabler, Slaughter
Standing: Parsons, Brill, Henderson, Bancroft, Rodgers, Chiles, Payne (B.), Marston

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

"THERE will be an A. A. meeting today" is posted on the bulletin board, and the school awaits the next one of this imaginative group's ideas. Soon after these meetings I have seen many a strange thing happening around the campus. There have been times when suddenly everyone in the school is arguing about whether the color gold is better than the color white, and I've seen these arguments get so hot that a few of the girls have gotten sticks and balls and gone to a field and fought it out while everyone watched. The A. A. also organizes fights with basketballs, ping-pong balls, and tennis balls, which everyone enjoys.

The most popular of these activities seem to me to be Field Day, with its events such as wheelbarrow races, tugs-of-war and the like, and the final big picnic, when the athletic awards are announced. And then there is the time when everyone starts walking around with books on her head and little letters pinned on her dress. This time is called "Posture Week," a period when everyone in the school goes around with ramrod backs and straightforward stares. This "straightforward stare" is often very disastrous for me, but even if I am sore for weeks afterwards, I'll still declare that whether they make this homogenous group into Powers models or International Athletes, the Athletic Association is the talented group that keeps the school fit all year long.

Carol Stabler	*President*
Sandy Hall	*Vice-President and Secretary*
Mary Slaughter	*Treasurer*
Lucy Henderson	*Senior Class Representative*
Virginia Chiles	*Junior Class Representative*
Betty Brill	*Sophomore Class Representative*
Betsy Payne	*Freshman Class Representative*
Charlotte Marston	*Eighth Grade Representative*
Beverley Parsons	*Seventh Grade Representative*
Agnes Rodgers	*Captain of the Gold Team*
Elise Bancroft	*Captain of the White Team*
Miss Sally Foss	*Sponsor*

(Cast of "Miss Minerva")

THE FOOTLIGHTS CLUB

AS I AM afraid of being caught in the mobs of performance night, I have often gone to the various dress rehearsals of the Dramatics Club whenever possible. It is here that Mrs. Elliot's patient and long-suffering attempts to turn a distinctly individualistic group of girls into at least partially able actresses reaches the final test. And yet three times this year, to my complete amazement, these same efforts have led to wonderful results. The first was "Miss Minerva and William Green Hill," the next, "Pride and Prejudice," and the third play, at this writing, is still unannounced.* I say that these results amazed me in their complete success, because I have listened in on several dramatics club classes and have sympathetically wagged my tail upon hearing Mrs. Elliot's somewhat frantic voice pleading for the tenth time, "Cathy, please be quiet!" followed by a series of prolonged and hysterical giggles from the back row. However, if I may judge from the selections that they read from their book, these girls really are a talented bunch, and I'm sure everyone who has ever seen one of their plays appreciates the hours of hard work that both actresses and back-stage crews spend for the amusement and entertainment of all.

* ("Growing Pains.")

Eula Tuttle	*President*
Linda Blackford	*Vice-President and Secretary*
Anne Cranford	*Treasurer*
Mrs. H. J. Elliot	*Sponsor*

GREENWAY GRAPEVINE

APPROXIMATELY once a month, I have observed that there seems to be much more commotion at the mail line than usual. This is due to the appearance of the school newspaper. However, few know as I do of the complete turmoil that precedes these admirable publications of world and school news. The school can get a hint of it, though, from Aggie's despairing wails, "But B, what are we going to do about next month?"

(1) (Seated) AGNES RODGERS, *Editor;* MISS PAULA DRESSER, *Sponsor;* (Standing) SUE FAILL, *Circulation Manager;* MARGARET MATTHEWS, *Assistant Editor*

(2) *Reporters:* LYNN SHERRERD, EULA TUTTLE, ANA SANCHEZ, SUE SUMMERVILLE

(3) *Reporters:* DORRIE DAVENPORT, LINDA BLACKFORD, RICKIE WIGTON, MARY B. WARDEN

GLEE CLUB

I HAVE, as you doubtless understand by now, been awakened from my quick little dog naps in many different ways, some pleasant, some not so, but one I have failed to mention until now is the gentle sound of singing from somewhere above. However, even in my drowsy state, I cannot help but realize, when aided by a sour note, that these voices are not angelic but come to me from the Glee Club rehearsal room on the third floor of the school building. And yet, no matter how often I am aroused in this manner, I can always put my head back down on my paws and listen contentedly. It is only at Thanksgiving, Christmas Vespers, and Commencement Exercises that I can really hear the finished product of all these determined rehearsals, but I've heard often enough how successful the concerts such as the one with Woodberry have been.

Needless to say, a good deal of the credit for these results must be given to their director, Miss Coltrane, and I, for one, am a staunch admirer of her patience and fortitude. Why, after my close association with these voices when they were certainly not at their sweetest and gentlest, I shuddered at the very thought of trying to blend them in the creation of lovely music!

But, while I lay idly by, the miracle actually happened. Or maybe it wasn't such a miracle after all—anyway, it's music, and it's wonderful!

PHILIPPA STANWOOD . . . . . *President*
MERRILL UNDERWOOD . . . . . *Secretary-Treasurer*
MISS DOROTHY COLTRANE . . . . . *Director*
MRS. NEILL ALFORD, JR. . . . . *Accompanist*

SERVICE COUNCIL

YOU may think I spend all my time sleeping, but I notice a good many things. For instance, there's an organization here known as the Service Council, which ought to get a good deal more notice than it does from some of you humans. This year, especially, does the Service Council deserve a good rousing woof, because the girls broke away from an old tradition and went to spread Christmas cheer at the Elderly Ladies' Home, instead of giving their usual orphans' party. I, for one, was very glad. I love young folks, but all this running around playing musical chairs and banging popguns in the gym was beginning to wear on my nerves. Furthermore, I know it did the girls good to spend a little time thinking of people who really need it and might not have had much Christmas otherwise. I also noticed that the Service Council had a party for three wards of children in the hospital this Christmas.

This party promised, at first, to be a Grade A headache; for the week preceding it, I heard Patty (frenziedly) yelling assorted numbers as the total number of children steadily grew and new presents had to be gotten. But the final outcome was, after all, satisfying and definitely rewarding.

Then there's also their work in leading the Inasmuch Fund drive, and here I feel that they are furthering their motto of "doing it unto the least of these," and that's a slogan the whole world needs.

PATRICIA KEARSE . . . . . *Head*

MISS CATHERINE O. COLEMAN . . . . . *Sponsor*

VARSITY HOCKEY

(Row 1) Crisfield, Sanchez (A.), Stabler, duPont, Davis (H. A.); (2) McKenzie, Sanchez (T.), Brill, Rodgers, Tuttle; (3) Kearse. *Not in picture:* Wigton, *Captain*

VARSITY BASKETBALL

(Row 1) Stabler, Crisfield (*Captain*), duPont; (2) Stanwood, Wigton, Kearse, Rodgers, Slaughter

SECOND TEAM HOCKEY

(Row 1) Faill, Hall (S.), Bancroft, Nash; (2) Chiles, Worth, Slaughter, Darling (*Captain*); (3) Mack (*Timer*), Henderson, Warden (*Scorer*). *Not in picture:* Garrett, Payne (B.); Addington, Payne (P.)

SECOND TEAM BASKETBALL

(Row 1) Sanchez (A.), Hall (S.), Henderson (*Captain*), Brill, Sanchez (T.); (2) Nash, Bancroft, McKenzie, Langhorne, Darling, Troost

ACTIVITIES

DO YOU REMEMBER?

(*Most of the events are pictured on the pages which follow.*)

Though the boarders were scheduled to return on the 14th of September, the calm peace I had anticipated for the 13th was abruptly shattered as Miss Coleman and, one by one, the Seniors arrived. To find out the reasons for this early return, I wandered into the reception room that evening and discovered a meeting about roommates; but, on the next day, bedlam really began! Between the timid questions of the New Girls and the wild rejoicing(?) of the Old Girls, which took form in shrieks, whoops, and howls, I thought they would never settle down. On the 15th, school began, and the long, gloomy faces could be partially accounted for by the numerous tests taken by all. These continued to the 16th, but on the 17th, everybody brightened up because of the Old Girl-New Girl baseball game that afternoon and the party that night, with its square dance, free food, and general fun.

The following Saturday, I saw everyone departing for the George Washington-U. Va. football game. The high spirits of one and all upon their return obviously meant that U. Va. had won. Then they all went down to the gym for a big volley ball game and the fun of cheer leading tryouts. The competition was great, and the six final victors were: Helen Harris, Lilla Goggin, Ann Radford, Chris Smith, Liza Balis, and Lee Frederick. And so things began to become normal.

The school's interest in the U. Va. was widened by the victory over Miami on October 1st, and the Open House on the 7th. Life was rather dull for me until the 21st when Mrs. Boaz gave a perfectly wonderful party for me and the rest of the faculty*v* My resulting sedate mood was replaced by one of exultation as the girls won their first hockey game the next day against Stuart Hall. The spirit of victory was carried straight through to the 27th, when I nearly got pneumonia watching the First Team down Fairfax Hall here, 5-0, in a driving rain. I will hereby silence all skeptical remarks by referring one and all to the picture of this game among the other calendar pictures. As you can see, it was dulled by that soaking, pouring rain.

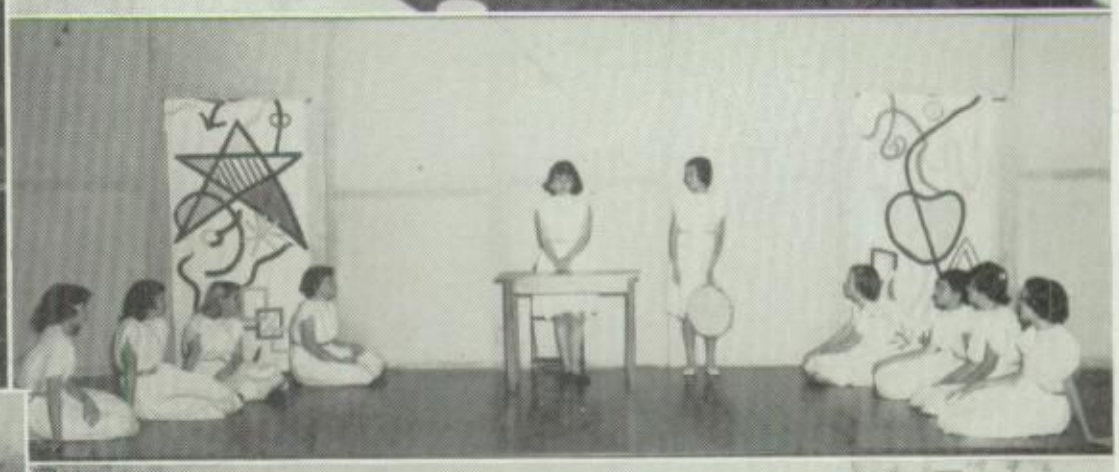
On the 29th, I suffered through another U. VA. victory (West Va.), and finally everyone headed for the Sophomore's Hallowe'en Party, complete with Haunted House. At first, I had a little difficulty trying to find the people I knew in those weird costumes, but soon I became a trifle indignant, for no one had thought of going as me*v* Anyway the prize went to the Peter Pan and Wendy group with their alligator, which proved to me that animal life is naturally preferable.

On Monday the 7th, I heard that same noise (I was really beginning to get used to it)—both teams had won another hockey game; this time it was Stuart Hall, here. The next night we got dressed up and went to hear a wonderful concert by Helen Traubel. The following Friday they again donned their best bibs and tuckers and went down to an Open House. Saturday, the hockey team loaded itself into cars and went gallivanting off to St. Margaret's for another smashing victory! On the 18th, the teams went over to Fairfax Hall to wind up their regular hockey season with the tally of no defeats for either team. Needless to say, sleep was denied me that night! A rip-roaring Carnival sponsored by the Freshmen was the next night's entertainment. It must have been wonderful, but hardly the place for a sedate old lady like me.

I don't really enjoy turkey, but I do like Thanksgiving—everybody is too stuffed to annoy me; in fact, on the 24th, I had my first peace in weeks. The following evening saw Janie Ober as a villain in one of a number of very charming plays given by the Dramatics Club.

The Golds and Whites played hockey on the 29th, and I believe the Golds found White to be the dominant color. The next thing I knew, the hockey team had been called to Richmond for the Prep Hockey Tournament, and it really was a Field Day for St. Anne's! I had my nose in the air for many days afterwards, and I nearly burst my fur with pride on hearing that Patty Kearse was All-State goalie, Aggie Rodgers and Carol Stabler were on the Reserve Team, and Rickie Wigton made Honorable Mention.

To my delight the girls acquired a little culture when the Robert Shaw Chorale came to town on the 7th of December. Then the 9th was the night of Madam X drawing, which was followed by a week of secretive activities. Aside from the bustle of Madam X week, the 9th and 10th also saw the climax of Patty Kearse's multifarious activities on behalf of the Service Council—namely, the party for the Crippled Children at the Hospital and then the party at the Elderly Ladies' Home, Christmas Vespers fell on the 11th, and I do love that Christmas music! The Chapel looked lovely. and the girls sang like angels, or so I hear.



Miss Cochran brandished the notorious white glove, and so on the 15th I saw many busy girls; how the dust flew! Then that night they dressed up for a Candle-Light Banquet and ate like the proverbial Romans. Later I saw the girls reappear in pajamas and go down to the reception room to hear Madam X poems and receive presents. After the excitement died down and the girls were supposed to be in bed, the Seniors garbed themselves in sheets and slipped outside to sing carols by candle-light. But that wasn't all: The Sophomores gave those chilly Seniors a party of cocoa and cake on the third floor. Needless to say, the floorboards creaked all night, which was not conducive to sleep. Thank heaven for vacation!

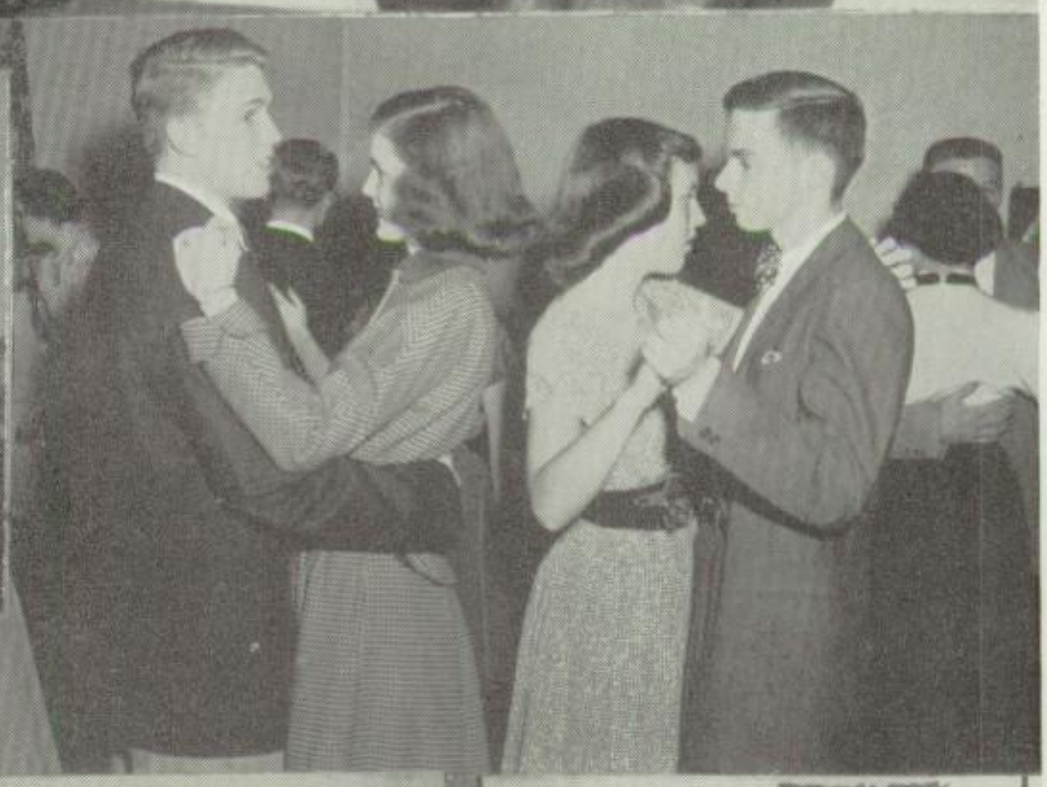
My quiet was shattered on January 3rd—the boarders returned and my ordered existence took a somewhat hectic turn. For days I heard, "One week ago . . ." followed by a prolonged sigh; they did calm down enough to give the A. A. Skits on the 14th, though, and the Sophomores stole the show with their take-off of my friends, the Faculty. Then the 20th brought that long-awaited, successful play, "Miss Minerva and William Green Hill." There was an Open House on the 21st which was followed a week later by Mid-Year Exams.

On the 11th of February, the team defeated St. Margaret's in basketball. That night everyone went to see Martha Graham's Dance Recital in Staunton, which was educational if not intelligible to all. On the 14th, we played Fairfax Hall with both teams and won again, and three days later Mardi Gras came to St. Anne's in the form of the bustling Junior Bazaar. The next day the basketball teams played at Stuart Hall, where Varsity won again, and the Second Team suffered its first and only defeat. That night the girls had the Freshman-Sophomore Dance, and what a change they made from those weary sportswomen to smiling young ladies in formal dresses! On the 21st, some of the girls went to Christ Church to serve at the Candle-Light Tea, but judging from the groans afterwards, they ate as much as they served. Another basketball game on the 25th against Fairfax, and both teams shone, but most exciting of all was the way the Second Team played to win by three points. That night the Seniors patched themselves together and went to a "Mad" Hall dance. On the 29th, the girls played their last basketball games of the season in our gym with Stuart Hall. The resulting wild happiness was hardly without cause, for the First Team remained undefeated, and the Second Team had lost only one game. That evening everyone went to hear the Philadelphia Orchestra, and I'm sure they all enjoyed it.

On March 3rd, the Fashion Show almost talked me into a new 1950 bathing suit, but somehow I didn't feel that it would flatter my figure. The following night the Sophomores-On-Up departed for a dance at Lane High; it was given by the Key Clubs of the various high schools in Virginia. From the chatter I heard, I assume they had a fine time. But all talk soon quieted, and the Seniors walked around with their noses in books preparing for the College Boards the following week-end. On the 14th (Parents' Day) I noticed strange people wandering around and asking questions, and then I realized that they were the parents whom I usually see at the beginning and the end of the day. However, with the 17th, Spring Vacation arrived, and all cares were forgotten.

Back they came in full force on the 27th, and I prepared for those final months of activity. The first thing on the agenda was the Casadesus Concert of the 30th. The following day Mrs. Snoddy's biology class departed for the yearly cave trip. The Seventh Grade contributed to the fun of April Fool's Day with their play. April 21st brought the girls an outstanding violin concert by Francescatti, and on the 22nd, all the riders donned their best riding clothes for the exciting St. Anne's Horse Show. The Glee Club packed off to Woodberry on the 28th for a concert followed by a dance. From the excitement caused, I wished I could have gone.

As May 6th approached, I began to get apprehensive of the thought of so many strange dogs around, but the Dog Show turned out to be a great success. My geniality that day was built up by the fact that the night before I attended my first Annual Banquet. At this point, there wasn't another calm moment in view. May Day was the following week-end, the 13th, and the prom that evening was a delightful climax of many months of extensive Junior preparation. The Sixth Grade entertained the school with a play on the 19th, and the 27th saw a complete turn-out for Field Day. I never saw these human beings in such unusual poses. They spent all day on the Hockey Field, with wheelbarrow races, potato races, sack races, and tugs-of-war, etc. That night the A. A. picnic kept everybody in a good mood with its food, singing, and awards for athletic achievement. From May 30th through June 2nd, there were Final Exams. Enough said. And now it's time for Class Night, Baccalaureate, Final Vespers, and Commencement. How I hate to see this year end and the Seniors leave!



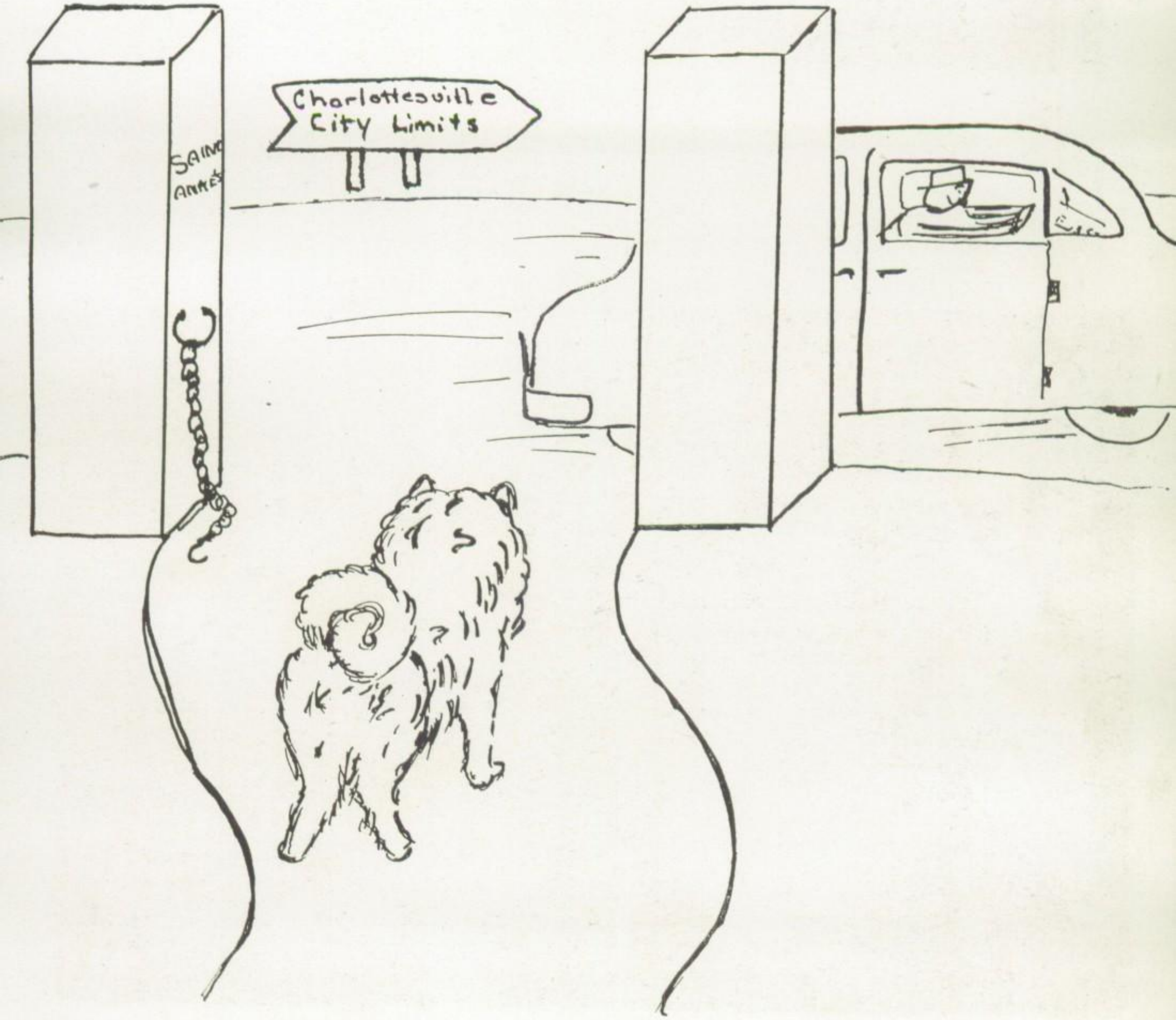
40

GOGGIN, SANCHEZ, A., PARROTT, STANWOOD, ST. CLAIR, E., WATSON, ELISE BANCROFT (MAY QUEEN), KOCH, CAROL STABLER (MAID OF HONOR), PARSONS, WILLIAMS, DAVIS, H. A., HALL, R., CHILES

MAY DAY

THINGS OF INTEREST

AFTER recalling the events of the year to mind, I love to think of the many trips I took to and from the school in visiting my favorite stores on bright sunny afternoons. If there's anything I'm fond of, it's courtesy, cheerful help, respect for my age, and genuine delight in the attitude of the people who wait on me in shops; and the ones whose ads follow are without a doubt those I like the best. But, before I reminisce on my little adventures downtown, let me remind one and all of the interest in both work and play we have had in a typical day of school.



FROM RISING BELL TO LIGHTS OUT—

A TYPICAL DAY

SEVERAL times people have asked me what goes on during the day at St. Anne's, and I am going to try to recall some of the incidents in a typical day. Of course, I cannot begin to tell everything that comes up, because THE SAINT doesn't have that many pages, and, of course, different things happen to different people. These are, however, the type of things that seem to happen to everyone every day. If you look at the next three pages, you'll discover that I have found some pictures to show exactly what I am talking about.

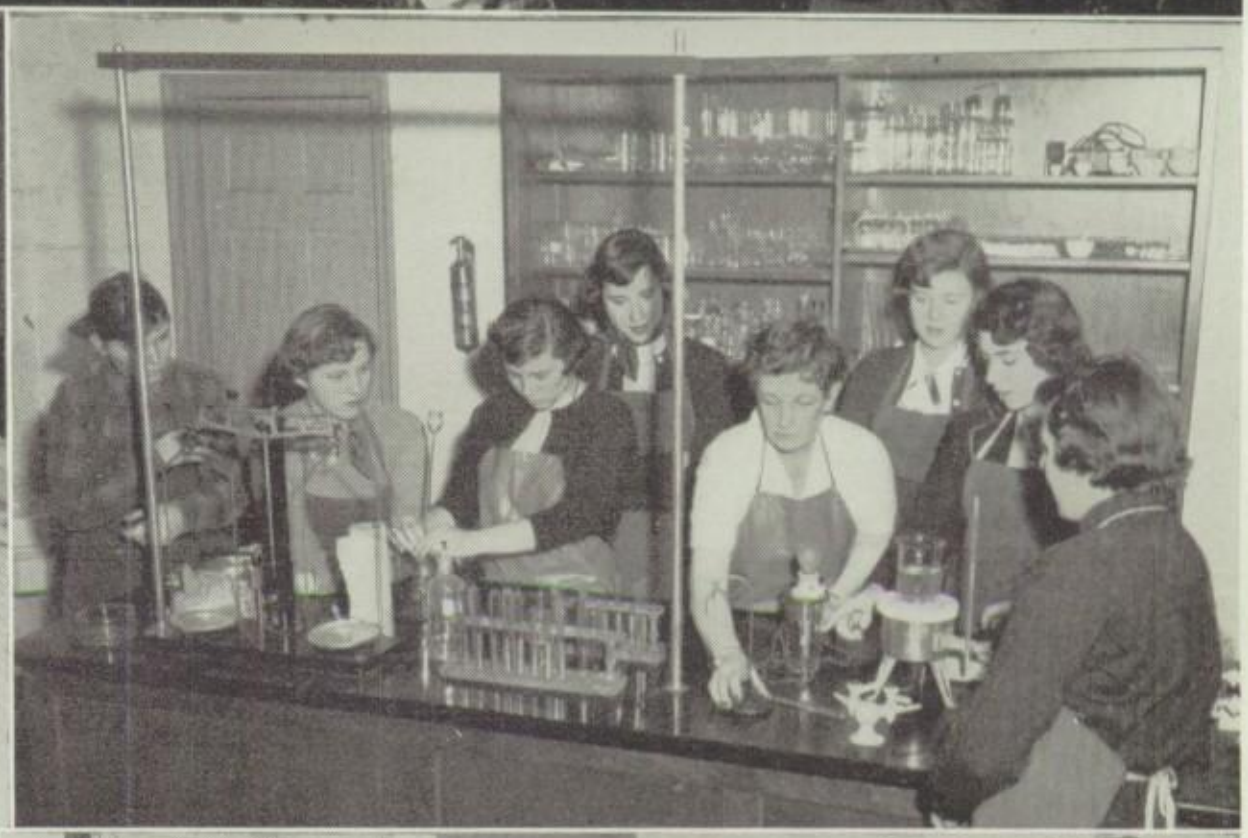
In the morning, rising bell rings at 7:15, and some people get up then; soon afterward you'll find them busily brushing their teeth and getting ready for breakfast. By the grapevine (not the newspaper), I understand that some people don't get up until 7:40, and my observation is that they don't get much done before they come to breakfast at 7:48 (three minutes late, so they will have some fresh morning air running circles), and they look sleepy as they eat. After breakfast, it is time to make beds, sweep, dust, and do other little odd jobs, such as finishing copying a paper for Mrs. Boaz. Chapel follows, and then classes. These are of all sorts and varieties; most of them seem quite pleasant, but in spite of my love for Mrs. Snoddy, I must admit that the Chemistry Lab sometimes is not so pleasant; they do make the most peculiar things sometimes. In the five-minute intervals between classes, everyone comes dashing to see Miss Cochran; this is very hard on me, as it disturbs my rest and, therefore, my disposition. Those who are waiting to get in Miss C.'s office usually seem to stop to read the Bulletin Board. For some strange reason they always see notices about permissions and such, but they are often rather near-sighted when it is a matter of a meeting.

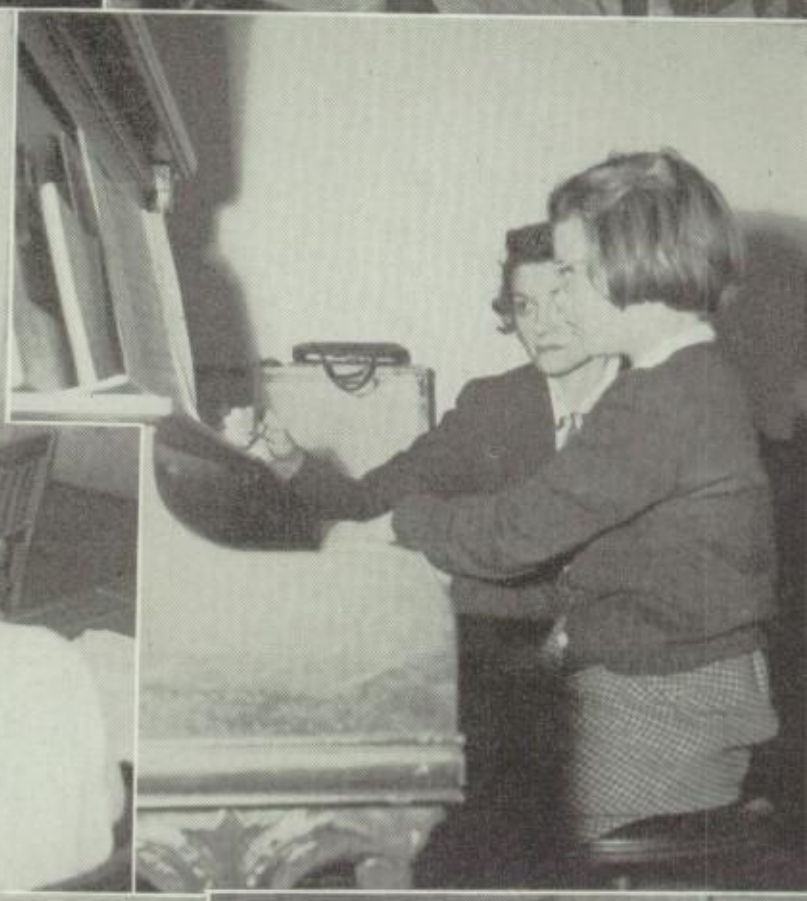
At 12:40 there is a wild dash for the cafeteria line. Occasionally I forget what's coming, and I don't feel the same for days. When lunch is over, the dash is reversed, and it's back to the school building for mail, followed by disgust or pleasure depending on the contents of the mailbox. Games, talking, meetings, and various other things follow before classes are resumed.

At the close of the school day, many things happen. At times there may be a basketball or hockey game, and then there's great shouting. There always seems to be someone on the telephone at this time of day, I've noticed, and the Coke machine is another popular place. If you happen by and see a group trudging off campus by the back way, they are probably going riding, while ballet slippers and gym suits are a combination that mean a dance class is coming up. That pinging noise reverberating through the romp room during those hours is the result of a spirited game of table tennis (and those little balls really sting when they hit, in spite of my fur).

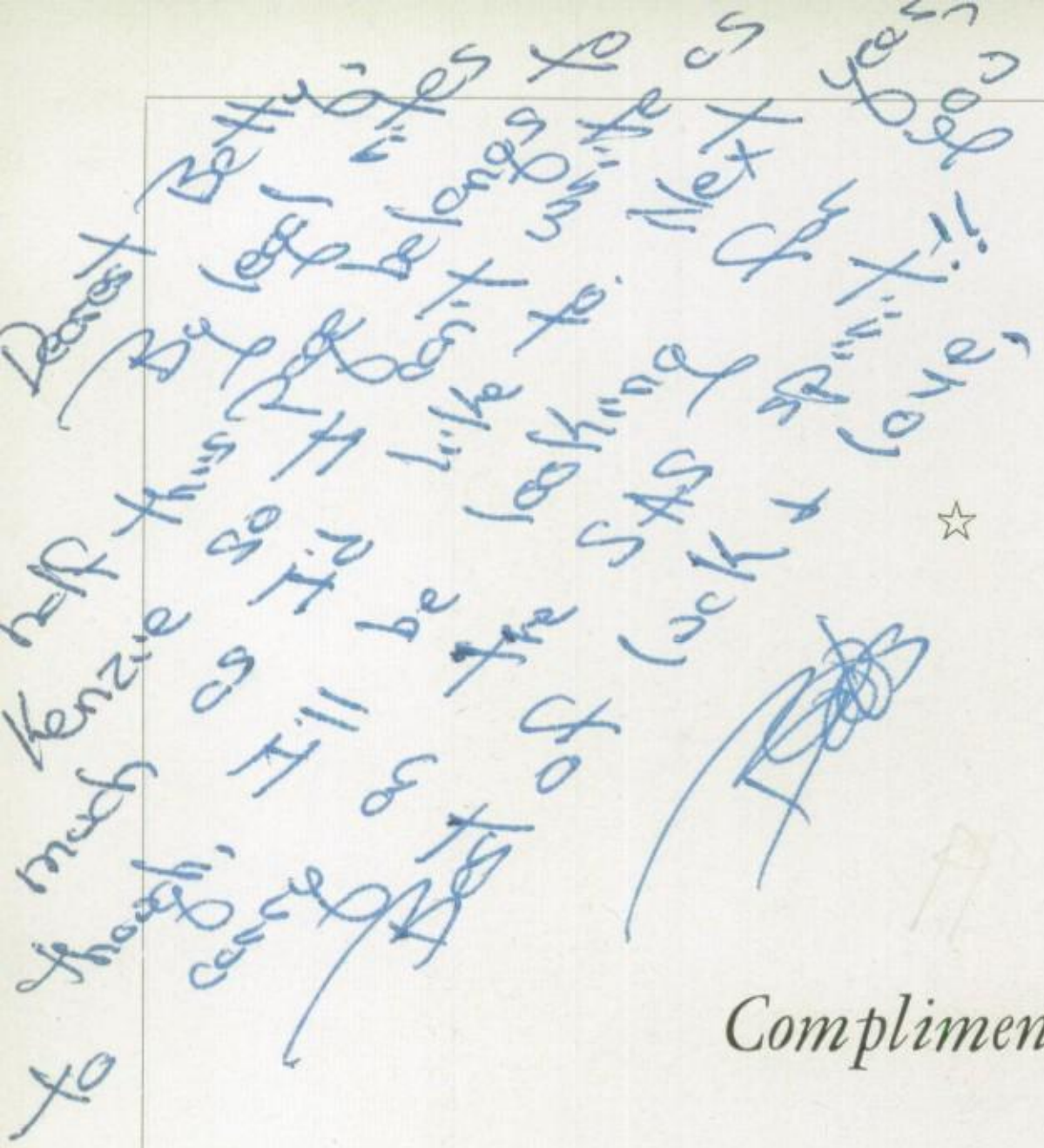
Time flies, and soon it's time to dress for dinner. Those who start early enough have time for a visit or browsing in the recreation room before dinner; the rest try to see who can leap over me the fastest. Meanwhile I stand and patiently wait for William and my dinner. During the study hall which follows dinner, I stand guard over the school and protect everybody, whether it be the ones who study in their rooms or those who are in the study halls. My vigilance never ceases until they are through studying, "bulling" (a word I picked up during my school career), and playing. At last, however, the time comes for hair-brushing, tooth-brushing, and finally bed. Then I can go to sleep, too, and, believe me, I need it.

P.S.—Just in case you wonder about where we all go (including me) when we leave the campus, let's be off on that travel tour of good business concerns I promised you.





DRINK
Coca-Cola



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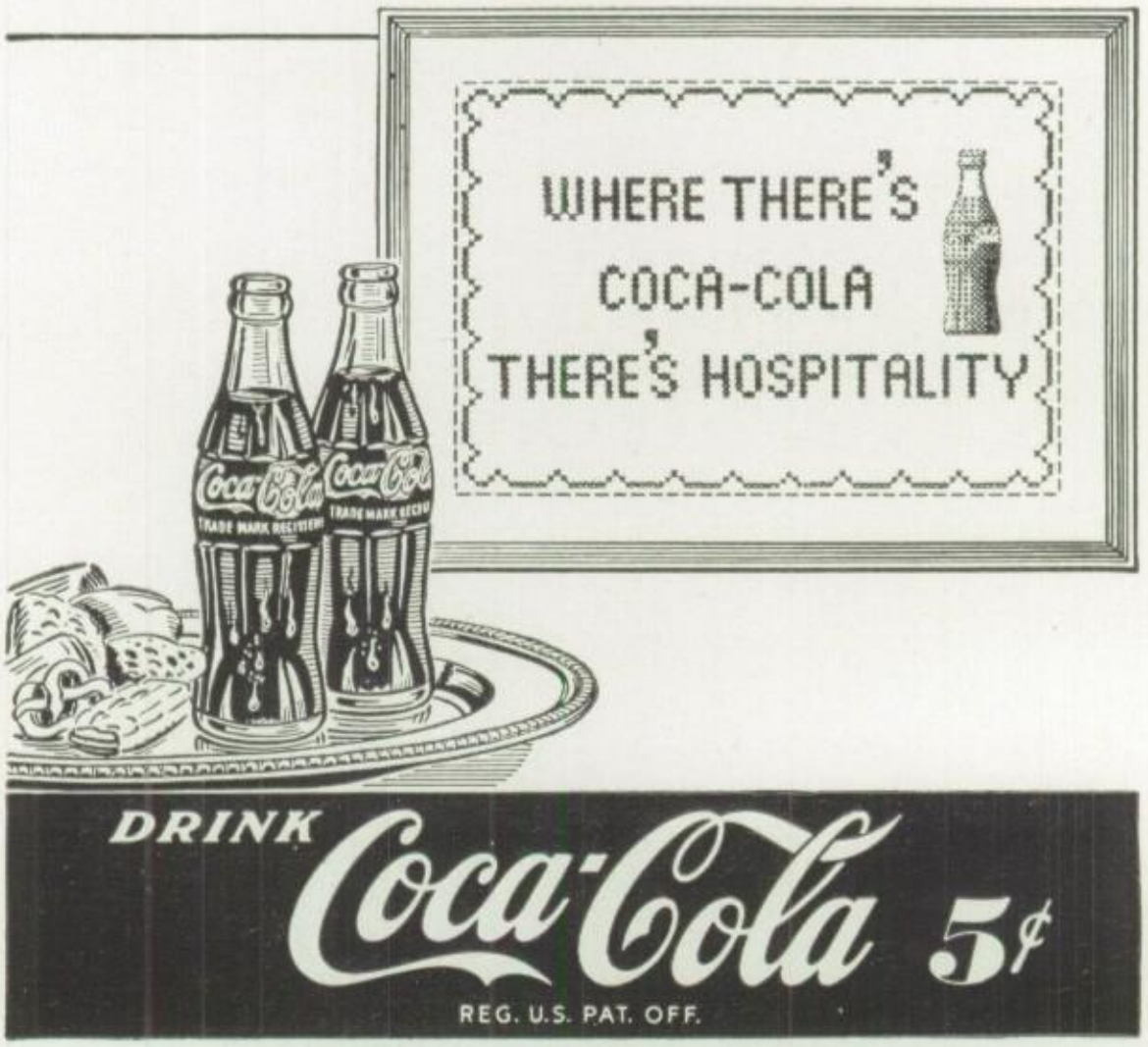

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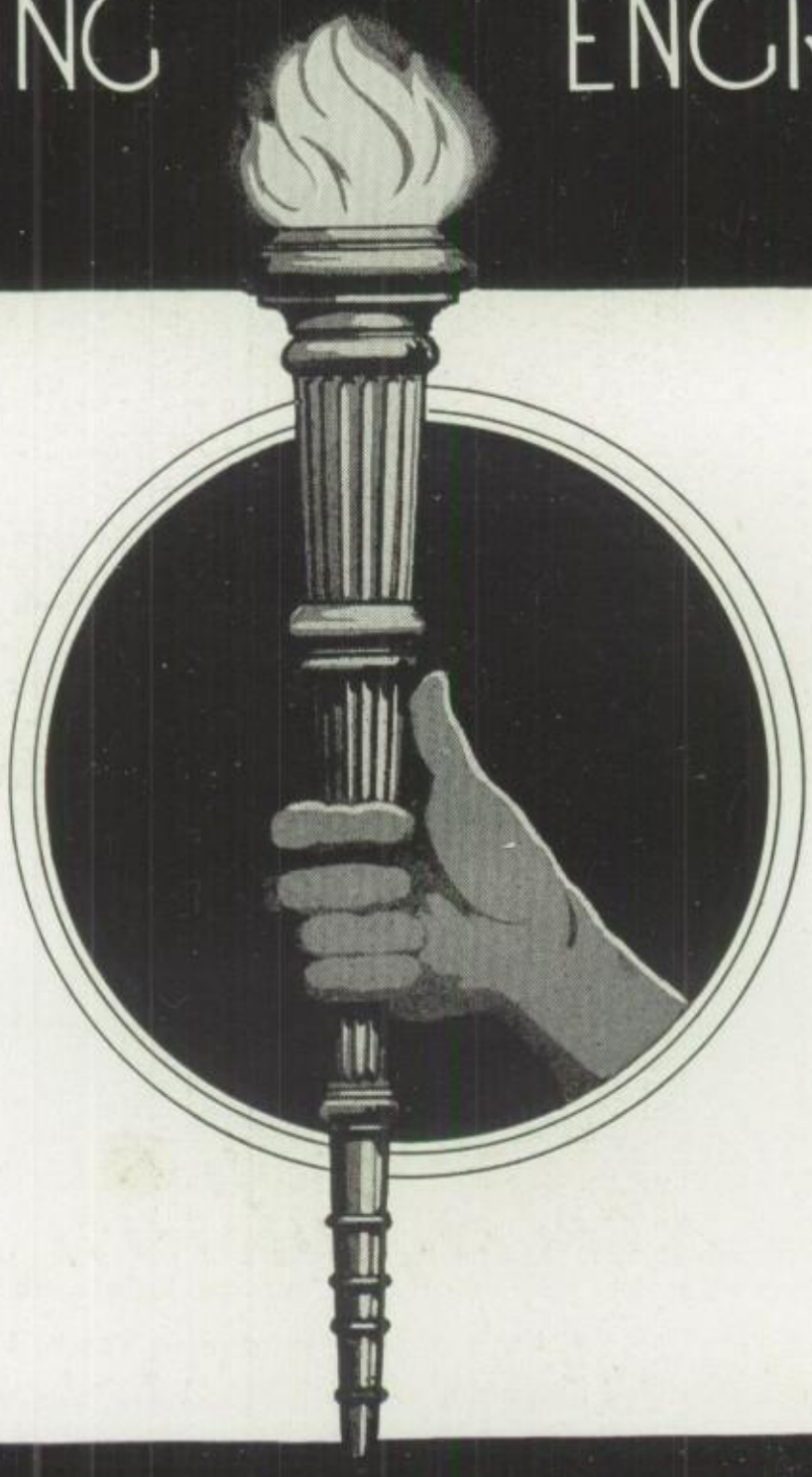

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AND NOW, COMMENCEMENT

AS YOU can see from the previous tale, I do have the habit of wandering quite a bit. (In fact, last New Year's Eve I decided to pay a visit to Mrs. Boaz, and I just ambled on over!) But, no matter where the urge of the moment inspires me to ramble off to, I always determine to be at home for the Commencement Exercises. I say "home" because the school really is where I live, but it has been "home," too, during the months or years they have spent here, for all the students, not to mention the Seniors. In most cases, I have known the Seniors for at least three years. Often the length of time is longer, sometimes less; but whatever the number of years, I feel that their leaving is, to me, a personal loss. They have been my friends; they will soon be the friends of many people whom I will never know, and in this new environment, I want to wish them luck. So, you see, I *have* to be back for Commencement.

PUNG-YO HAS A NIGHTMARE

(Any similarity to events in the history of this school and the personages involved is absolutely intentional)

HERE it is—a lovely spring day, and Miss Coleman insists that I must write a prophecy about the Seniors. It doesn't seem quite fair for her to interrupt my nap the way she sleeps through breakfast, and she's had so much experience with prophecies—that's all she ever talks about. I think I'll go down to my favorite corner and doze a few minutes anyway. Oh-hum! . . . it's so peaceful-l-l. Maybe I could do this job if I were like that man Ezekiel everyone talks about. He saw a vision—something about a valley of dry bones. This place will certainly be like that valley with the Seniors gone. Just think—only two days 'til graduation; then it'll be so quiet. Z-z-z-z-z! [*Ed. Note*: Snoring.]

What's this; Bones coming to life! They have a familiar look, too, but they are beginning to do such peculiar things. Those noises I hear have a familiar ring. Heaven knows I've heard the Harris whisper in the halls often enough, but what could she be doing now? Why, she seems to be conducting a training school for hog-callers in the hills of Kentucky. My, how her St. Anne's experience has influenced her! Now, what in the world is that pile of bones doing? Why, it's Elsie Chamberlain still trying to prove that her mother can be twice her age for more than one year [Ed. Note—*she started in Alg. I*]*; and that group of bones that keeps arranging itself and helping others arrange themselves must be Patty Kearse, the efficiency expert.*

Here's a pile of bones that's taking its new life as a chance to get a new job. What's that plant she's entering! Why, bless my soul! It's the Ideloveasmoke Company, and she wants a job as tester. All these years of talking seem to have taken effect. My sight must be dim, because I scarcely recognized the bones as Rickie Wigton's, and those running after her must be Aggie Rodgers'. I always did say Pittsburgh was too smoky.

Who in the world is that who's testing for Radio's Miss Hush? I can't believe that it's really Tut, for it may look like her but she never could whisper. Maybe I'd better listen a minute: "And I said to Mr. Stalin, 'Now, Joe . . .' " Yes, it must be Eula herself.

Wherever I look there seems to be another group of bones doing peculiar things. Now I see a newly-alive creature. And it certainly looks like Elise Bancroft, "patron of the dead goldfish." I always knew that trip to Grant's to return fish while she was a Sophomore would lead to something.

Over in that window is a pile of bones doing most peculiar things. But I do recognize Hawsie Crisfield, who's busy making life-size dummies to stuff in furniture-display beds. A Freshman year bit of knowledge helped her, no doubt. But there seems to be someone going along before her making beds in a most peculiar manner. She's only leaving one sheet on, and it's folded much too short. As soon as she finishes, she throws the other sheet under the bed. Obviously, Betsy Bent, for that's who it is, has practiced a lot—even on faculty beds "they" say.

Wherever I look, the scene changes, for here are two shapely bony masses sitting on a fence and moo-ing at cows. But the cows seem most anxious to get away to another field. Somehow or other, I believe I've heard rumors that Flip Stanwood and Merrill Underwood are famed for their bovine friends.

Now, here's a dopey-looking creature. Stumbling and bumping into everything, she's obviously looking for something. Here's one time when there's no doubt. It's Cranfi, a spectacle sans spectacles, as usual.

"I'm Dutch, and when Dutchmen lose their tempers, they're stubborn, so bones I am, and bones I remain!" After hearing that outburst, I guess I sha'n't be able to see the owner of said ossified particles, but, again, the language rings in a familiar note—it must be Mita. How she loves to prove her lineage.

Now, who could possibly want a private hospital bed with stable attached? Ah! Another familiar figure, that of Joanne Reed. She must be hoarse, though, for her voice is scarcely recognizable.

Something strange is happening now, for everyone is tearing into the forbidden part of the valley. They obviously can't see the sign that says, "Room-bell Restricted Corridor," and someone seems to be there doing an interpretative dance. It must be Sally Darling. But what's the theme? From what they're saying, it seems to be based on Dorrie Davenport's newest literary endeavor, "Going to the Dogs—or, the Henderson Poochie." Somehow I can't see why people think it's so horrible to be a dog. I rather like it myself.

My eyes must be deceiving me, because that certainly looks like Ann Williams sitting in a shower under an umbrella. It seems to me that I heard of some experience she had in her Sophomore year, using the shower for clandestine purposes; she must be reliving the past, for now she's frantically spraying water and perfume around, though there really seems to be no fire. Must have been a chemical experiment.

If I'm not mistaken, that's Carol Stabler seemingly out for track. Heaven knows how she got so covered with powder, for surely that one fight as a Freshman cured her; since she's running circles, I guess she's practicing up so she won't be so reticent about running in circles in the future.

No . . . this time I must be wrong. Yet, even a second look shows me a jail before my eyes. Now, why would Sue Faill be in it? Goodness! She must have been hungry for cookies again. I thought that first scare would get her over it; she even thought Mrs. Walker was a strange man hiding in the kitchen. Now, I wonder why Kitten duPont is in with her? Here's a newspaper, maybe it tells. Oh, my! She shot another cap gun—not in the Junior dorm, but this time in the Senate. What's she doing now? She's drawing her gun, she's pulling the trigger! O Kitten, please learn!—she's shooting: Bang!

Bang! What was that? Oh, just another parent leaving for a rest from graduation activities! Why must cars always backfire and awaken me? On second thought, it's just as well this time, for I was certainly having a nightmare. Why, I dreamed that the Seniors were reincarnated and up to their old tricks again. And, after the way they've changed, too! And now all my time for writing that dreadful prophecy is gone. Anyway, everyone knows that they know that Pung-yo means "friend," and so for every Senior "Pung-yo" I'll just write a few words:

DEAR PUNG-YO:

Keep on striving as you have, and I prophesy your future will be bright. All of us here will miss you and expect you to practice what we've preached. We know we can have confidence in you.

Your devoted
PUNG-YO.

☆

Alma Mater

From "Finlandia"
By Jean Sibelius

1. Dear St. Anne's School, Our hearts to thee are hold-en, By loy-al love
2. Thy children we, Our pride and love con-fessing; In this fair school

for each fam-il-iar scene, The know-ledge gleaned, the plea-sures shared to-
this pleas-ant place of home And may we strive to bring a richer

ge-ther the friend-ship ties which last for ev-er the knowledge gleaned, the
bless-ing To crown thee now and through the years to come, and may we strive to

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bring a richer bless-ing to crown thee now and through the years to come.

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P.S. I didn't write much: I'll show you! I'll write so much that you'll be sorry!

Please come back next year - Sally's a wonderful girl - is she not? and I love both her + you so very much.

Darcy - his mustach! Oh, la, la - I didn't know I could have that much self-control - I know I wouldn't have.

Your figure is de - vine!

Well, next year, I'll be seeing you on the hockey field! and, I hope, I may be there too.

Anyway - it's been a swell year and I hope you think half of me as I think of you

much love.

Debbie

Dearest Betty -

Golly - it doesn't seem possible that a whole year has gone already - it certainly has been wonderful knowing you - and we've really had some rare times this year. Am really looking forward to your coming back - and I know we'll have tons more fun next year -

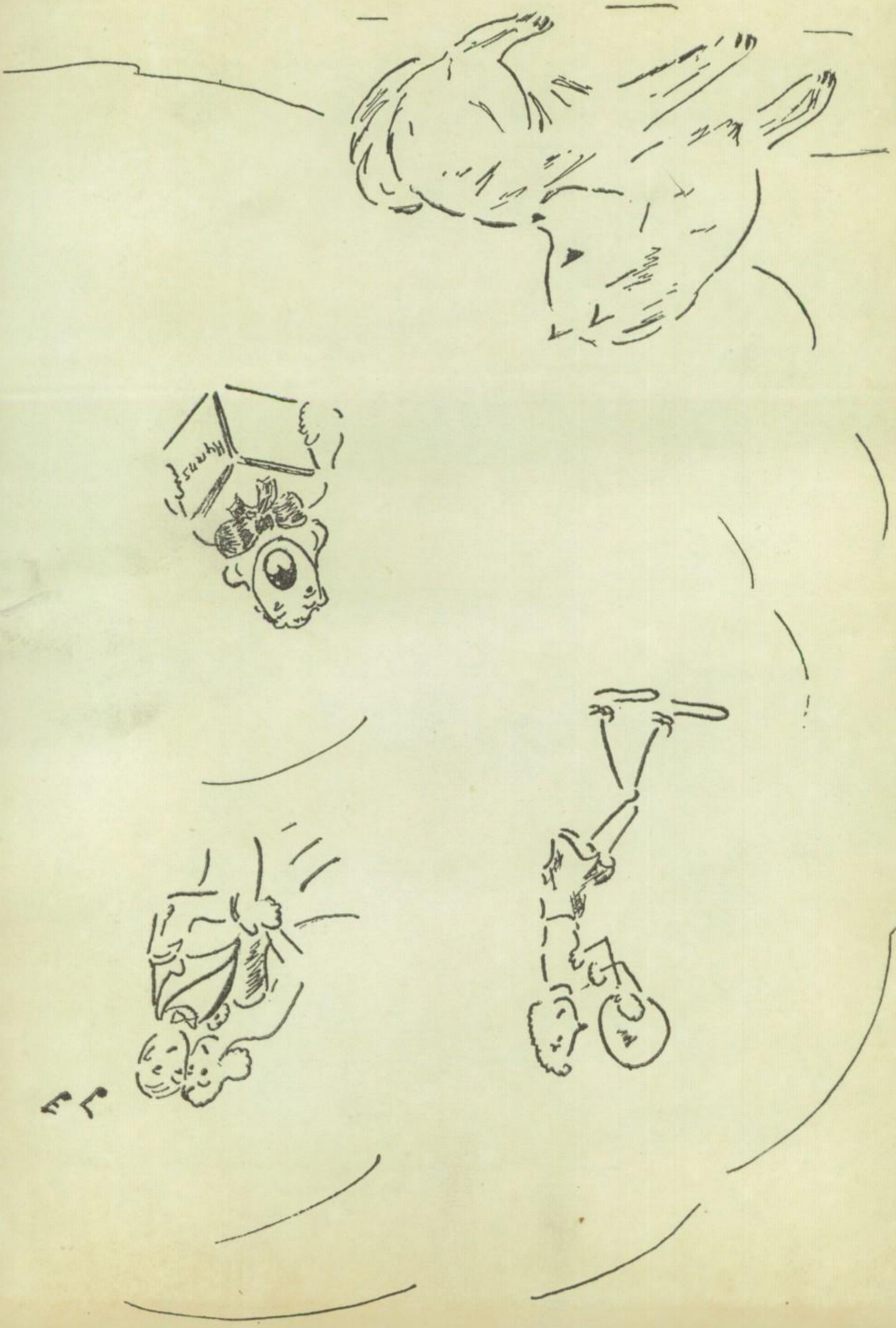
Really you a cutie pie and I know you'll get lots of place with those eyes of yours -

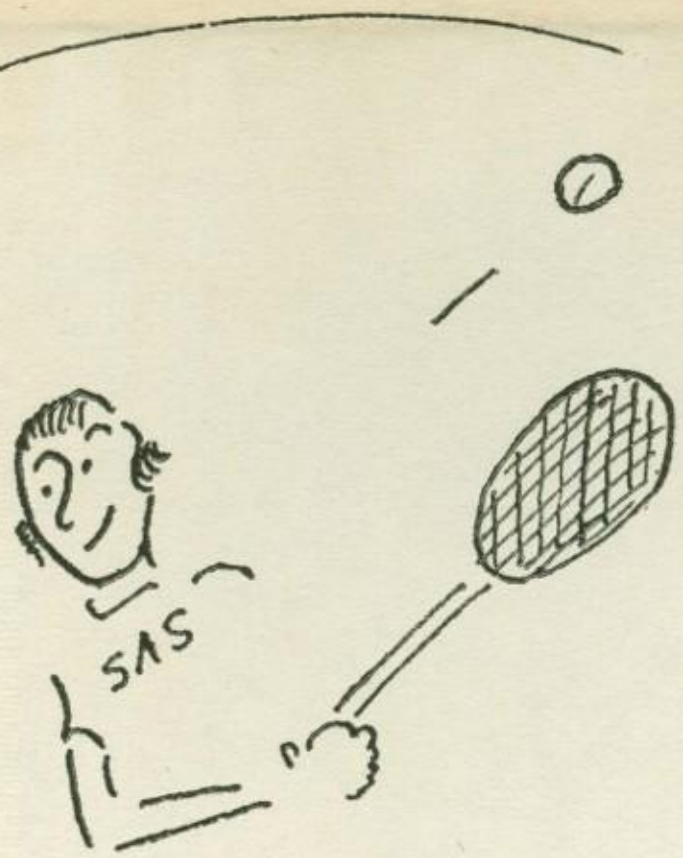
Its so damn late that I really can't think of much more to say - any of my witty remarks that is -

Come see me this summer - and I know we can have a tris good time

Love always -

Suzie

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